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ENGLAND AND THE CONTINENT.

It is satisfactory to know that there is one point on which everybody agrees with his neighbour in England; that is to say, we all detest the idea of European war, and wish to maintain British neutrality. The new House of Commons may differ in other particulars from its predecessor, but in this matter it will not differ at all. Let us settle the basis of so wide-spread a sentiment, and inquire how it is likely to be affected by the contingencies of the war?

This opinion, so wide-spread and so deep-rooted, is not a sudden growth in this country. If we go back to the time of the great French Revolution, we find ourselves embarking in a crusade to put it down—paying subsidies, taking sides, winning victories, overthrowing Bonaparte. Well, in point of honour, we came out of the struggle—grandly; and it is easier to show what the struggle cost us, than to show what it saved us from. But the cost was very heavy, and some of the results are already neutralised; for the revolution has progressed, and the family of Bonaparte is on the throne of France. So far as crusading against revolution abroad goes, we are indisposed to try it, and we are equally indisposed to intervene on behalf of potentates threatened by revolution. The explanation is, that Great Britain herself holds a political position half-way between the two great principles which divide the world. She is related to absolutism on the monarchical and aristocratic side, and to the revolution on the liberal and progressive side, of her institutions. She hopes to avoid the abuses of both, while securing the good element in each, and hence her peculiar attitude just now. Both sides claim her for their own, because both persist in seeing only the cognate half of their constitution. Austria appeals to the ancient alliance, cemented by the blood shed under Marlborough and Eugene; Sardinia appeals to the modern sympathy of free institutions; and France, taking the office of protecting these in Italy on herself, wonders we can hesitate to confide in her. Great Britain, balanced like a planet between opposite moral

forces of opinion, moves neither way, content to exist for herself and by herself, and only anxious to teach others the same lesson. This attitude, we say, is her inevitable historical position just now, as settled by the moderate, eclectic character of her own politics, and by the increasing predominance of her commerce, ripened by a long peace. It is the moral neutrality which determines the political neutrality of the kingdom.

Accordingly, ever since this deplorable agitation began, our public has sided with whatever Power has seemed to behave most moderately, in phase after phase of the crisis. There has been no out-and-out taking of sides at all. Austria was certainly not popular in this country before the disturbance began; there having always been a belief amongst us that her Italian policy was harsh and oppressive. But when Napoleon took the initiative in provoking her, a re-action ensued. Napoleon himself had lost favour amongst us since the Russian war, and the worst interpretation was put upon his motives in forming so strict an alliance with Piedmont. This impression lasted all through the negotiations, and amongst men of very different opinions on other subjects. But when Austria, at the close of last week, became the aggressor in her turn, when she demanded unconditional submissions from Piedmont at the sword's point, it was evident that the tide had turned again. So earnest was this country's horror of actual hostilities, that we hardly cared to consider whether Austria had not been forced into using force. On the theory of Napoleon's insincerity, she was clearly in the right; but was she justified in believing him insincere? There is the key of the whole position—the gist of the whole dispute. That Power is responsible for the war which causes the war—not necessarily the one which strikes the first blow, but the one to which it is ultimately owing that blows are struck.

On the settlement of this question, history will give its verdict. But, meanwhile, practical men have to decide what they will do in the face of the crisis which has actually arisen in Europe, and England must make her choice like other nations.

Now, it is quite impossible that we should sympathise heartily with either party; and this being the case, and each of the parties being fighting for *their own* interests, we may be excused for consulting *ours*.

It is impossible, we say, that England should sympathise heartily with either party. Take Austria, for instance. As far as Lombardy is concerned and Venice, Austria's right to them is a fact of public law. But how can we get up any enthusiasm for the permanence of such arrangements, when we consider how Austria uses her power there? We have once or twice quoted economists, who speak favourably of the state of her Italian working classes; but of late years, unhappily, her rule has been much less respectable. Let the reader see on this subject the new number of the "Quarterly Review." There they will find it proved, from the best information, that the taxes laid on her Italian subjects by Austria are cruelly oppressive. They were heavily increased in 1854, amidst all the ravages of the vine disease, so that, in the province of Sondrio, for instance, "the diseases attendant upon famine are raging, and man is consuming the food of beasts." Who can sympathise with a régime under which things like this can become possible? Yet, if we cannot blame those who would better themselves even by rebellion in such a crisis, it is quite another thing to approve of those who *use* such a state of things for their own purposes—who make Italy's "cry of anguish" a "cry" in our own political sense. Unfortunately, there is too much ground for accusing Sardinia and her French patron of this wickedness. It is perhaps premature to ask whether the story is true, that Austria has obtained a copy of the treaty which *proves* their selfishness. But even if she has, still it is an ugly struggle—a hateful, unloveable, factious war in any case. "Pull devil, pull baker," is the British exclamation in the matter—the fiend of despotism being beyond all sympathy, and the baker being of proved fraudulency.

It is, then, our first duty to keep out of the whole business.



THE OPINION OF THE PRESS.—(FROM A PICTURE BY T. ROBERTS, IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.)



But as war is of all things the most uncertain, a turn might be taken dangerous to this country's possessions, and therefore—and not for any other reason—we ought to be prepared for such contingency. To speak decidedly as to the chances of winning between the Powers engaged, would be presumptuous in the extreme. We give no opinion on the subject, and have little respect for that of any body else in such a matter. But if Napoleon is now only executing plans long deliberated upon, and of which his naval preparations must, of course, be considered part, who can say what demand may not be made on our national resources? By all means, let us be impartial; let us be neutral; let us be pacific; but let us be prepared.

THE OPINION OF THE PRESS.

We should look with disfavour upon a picture the object of which was to reinforce high-art cant, and inflame imaginary troubles of struggling genius. But this painting of Mr. Roberts cannot be meant to convey a moral, because the pictorial answer would be very obvious. Some body else might paint a picture of the "Opinion of the Press," showing a young artist cutting papers of delight over a bank-note, evidently due to a favourable critique of his last production; and picture No. 2 would go for as much as picture No. 1. No; we have here simply a story told; and the artist rests himself upon the force with which he tells it, not upon his "purpose." Certainly, the fable is plain. The painter is in humble lodgings, his room not too well carpeted, and serving for common daily use as well as for a studio. A respectable person—whose matter-of-fact cautiousness is indicated by his carrying an umbrella on a sunny day—has just been in to say that the "Megatherium," having declared that "the picture would have been better painted if the artist had taken more pains," he can't risk his reputation as a connoisseur upon the purchase. Beside, there is a mourning letter on the table, and our poor painter weeps—as any man might do, upon occasion; but to be sure his face is too flabby to promise much power of resistance. In one corner is an image of Hope, with her head knocked off. The other side of the picture symbolises, we suppose, the fate of the poor artist. Low down is the child, toying with the palette, like budding genius. Above is Prometheus, with a vulture of alarming size busy at his liver. Higher up is "One who bears his cross,"—an accessory that the squeamish (and the not very squeamish either) might, perhaps, quarrel with. The little wife rushes to her husband's side with large comfort. How angry she looks with the "Megatherium." Let the critic who wrote that article never cross her path! As for her husband, we leave him to her womanly medicining—

"The heart that at even was worn and old,
Shall arise in the morning gay,
Sweet Wife,
To its work in the morning gay!"

"The world goes up, and the world goes down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
But yesterday's sneer, and yesterday's frown,
Shall never come over again,
Sweet Wife,
Never come over again!"

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

THE news from France, and indeed from Europe generally, is all about the war; and we have given the reports which reach us from all quarters in a digest elsewhere. The prospect of war is extremely popular with the lower classes, "chiefly," it is suggested, "on account of its revolutionary character;" but among the bourgeoisie the consternation can hardly be described. The soldiers leave Paris, accompanied to the Lyons railroad by a number of the working classes, singing the "Chant des Girondins," "Mourir pour la Patrie!" and uttering cries of "Vive l'Empereur!" "Vive l'Italie!" "Mort aux Kaiserlichs!"

A French squadron is ordered in all haste to the Adriatic. Count Walewski has presented a report to the Corps Legislatif on the negotiations, submitting at the same time a bill for the raising of 40,000 men, and for a loan of 500,000,000 francs. Count de Morny, in his speech, expressed hopes that the war would be localised, and would not be one of revolution or of conquest.

There are hardly any troops left in Paris. The number is insufficient for garrison duty, which is performed by the gendarmerie and National Guard.

SPAIN.

M. GABARON has been appointed Spanish Consul-General at London. The exequatur has been granted to M. Fleury, as French Consul-General at Barcelona, and to MM. Oury, Benedetti, and de Varienx, as French Consuls at Cadix, Seville, and Adra. The "Gazette" likewise announces that several Russian consular agents have received the exequatur.

ITALY.

THE Piedmontese Legislature has voted uncontrolled powers—legislative and executive—to the King. The bill is worded as follows:—

Art. 1. In case of war with the Empire of Austria, the King shall be invested with all the legislative and executive powers, and may, under ministerial responsibility, take, by royal decrees, all the measures necessary for the defence of our country and our institutions.

Art. 2. The constitutional institutions remaining unchanged, the Government of the King shall have the power, during the war, provisionally to limit the freedom of the press and individual liberty.

The volunteers who have already entered the Piedmontese service are more than eighteen thousand, and there are from seven hundred to one thousand new arrivals daily. The son or nephew of General Gregorio, commanding the army of the Pope, left home a few days ago for Piedmont, but the General caused him to be arrested before he could leave the Papal States.

Disturbances have taken place at Palermo; followed by numerous arrests.

The Duchess Regent of Parma intends to maintain strict neutrality, and to resist all Austrian or Piedmontese occupation of the Duchy.

The King of Naples is at his last gasp. The fever which has now lasted three months has reduced his Majesty to the last stage of exhaustion. Letters state that Sicily is threatened by death.

It is stated in telegrams from Turin, that General Ferrari, commander of the Tuscan troops, has given in his resignation.

Archduke Maximilian has left Milan for Venice, to inspect the Austrian vessels.

The general opinion in Florence was that the Grand Duke would leave that city for Portoferraio, in the Island of Elba. It was even said that notice to that effect had been given to the British Embassy.

PRUSSIA.

LETTERS from Berlin state that Prussia has decided on putting on foot an army of 130,000 men, destined to protect Germany in the case of a conflict. This measure is not the result of Archduke Albert's mission, but is the natural consequence of the general arming. The attitude of Prussia would be analogous to that of England—that is, an armed neutrality.

In the Chamber of Deputies of Berlin on the 18th, the general budget of 1859 was adopted. It estimates the receipts at 131,885,935 thalers; the ordinary expenses at 123,652,065 thalers, and the extraordinary at 8,238,870 thalers. After this vote, the Minister of Finance gave details of the financial results in 1858. The receipts were 132,716,244 thalers, or 6,516,730 thalers more than the estimates; and the expenses, 127,663,147 thalers, or 1,152,142 thalers more than was estimated.

RUSSIA.

A LETTER from St. Petersburg of the 14th instant says:—"I hear as certain that the troops in Bessarabia are being considerably augmented. A full war footing has been determined upon for the army stationed on the left-hand banks of the river Pruth. It is generally thought here that should the numerous Turkish reinforcements lately despatched to the Danube be ordered to enter Wallachia, such an event will be followed by a crossing of the Pruth on the part of the Russian forces."

TURKEY AND THE EAST.

A CONSTANTINOPLE correspondent writes that it has been arranged between the Porte and the great Powers that if the acts of the government of the Danubian Principalities, when under the single direction of Colonel Couza, should prove to be contrary to the provisions of the convention of August 19, the Turkish Government shall convoke a conference of the representatives of the great Powers, and submit to their notice the irregularities calling for repression. The conference will then have the power of deciding by a majority of votes. Should the subjects of complaint be recognised as well-founded, an Ottoman commissioner will be sent to the Principalities to invite the Prince, in concert with the Consuls, to return to the legal path from which he had departed.

Letters from Bagdad in the "Presse d'Orient" again announce that Omer Pasha has been recalled, to assume, it is supposed, the command of the corps d'armée of Roumelia. The intelligence of his recall, when given a short time since, was formally contradicted.

On the 12th instant the people of Galatz made a furious attack on the Jewish inhabitants of the city, whom they accused (according to a wretched superstition) of having taken blood from a Christian boy, in order to make use of it in their Easter ceremonies. The synagogue was destroyed, the Bibles and scrolls of laws found in it torn to pieces, the shops broken open and plundered, and about 200 Jews more or less injured. In the course of the day, troops having arrived, peace was restored, but none of the rioters were arrested.

The Austrian Consul-General at Belgrade has notified to Austrian subjects, and to persons under Austrian protection in Serbia, that in accordance with existing treaties they must not obey summonses of the Serbian police unless they have been approved of by him. The Prussian Consul General had previously published a similar notification.

Four of the persons concerned in the plot against Prince Couza are Poles, two are Hungarians, and one is a German. The conspirators, who were seized in the Polish Hotel at Bucharest, which is kept by a certain Simon Timolsky, were in possession of revolvers, rifles, and the necessary materials for making Orsin bombs. A ready-made bomb was to have been placed between the springs of the squab of the arm-chair in which the Prince sits when he visits the theatre.

AMERICA.

LORD LYONS, the new Minister to the United States, reached Washington on the 8th instant, and was presented to the President on the 12th; when the compliments customary on such occasions passed between them. Lord Napier was shortly to leave for England in the Curacoa.

The "New York Herald" announces the peaceful settlement of the difficulty with Paraguay.

The Personal Liberty Bill has passed in the New York Assembly. It provides that no person shall be deprived of liberty without due process of law, and gives the right of trial by jury, with twenty additional challenges, to alleged slaves, subjects any person depriving another of liberty contrary to this law to a fine of 5,000 dollars, and imprisonment from five to twenty years, and makes colour no disqualification for citizenship.

The citizens of Utah are again about to knock at the door of Congress, and apply for admission into the Union as a sovereign State. It is stated that Brigham Young is unpopular with the Mormons, and that he has agents in the northern provinces of Mexico, and also in Central America, prospecting for a location to which he and his partisans may remove, and set up an independent hierarchy.

The trial of Sickles was proceeding. On the 9th the counsel for the defence opened the case. He went at length into the question of the prosecution, and concluded that Sickles, in killing Key, but obeyed the sudden and uncontrollable impulse of his passion. He quoted very freely from the Scriptures and from other sources to show the heinousness of the lady's guilt. On the following day (the 11th) prisoner's counsel concluded his address, and the examination of witnesses commenced. No new facts of interest were elicited. On the 12th, as a friend of Sickles was giving his testimony, he was so overcome that he had to leave the court. Mrs. Sickles's confession of guilt was put in as evidence.

CHINA.

LORD ELGIN sailed for England on the 5th of March, on board the *Furious*. She had arrived at Galle.

Sir Michael Seymour was to leave Hong-Kong on the 20th of March for England.

The expedition to Pearl River was successfully terminated. A repulse of Cochinchinese by French and Spanish forces had been officially announced.

It was asserted that the Court of Peking opposed the admission of an English ambassador. But we since learn that the Emperor has declared his intention to observe the treaty of Tien-tsin in its full integrity. A new secular Emperor has been crowned at Japan.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AND THE SERFS.—By an ukase of the 30th March, the Directing Senate promulgates the following decision of his Majesty the Emperor relative to the important question of the peasants. His Majesty the Emperor had deigned to order the formation in the governments where serfs exist, of committees, chosen among the nobility, to draw up the regulations for the amelioration of the condition of the peasants—regulations which were to be transmitted to the Minister of the Interior, to be submitted to his Majesty:—1st. To accord to the committees of the government the faculty of choosing from among themselves two members to go to St. Petersburg for the purpose of giving to the superior authority all information necessary for the examination of each project; 2ndly. To form from the principal committee, under the immediate direction and presidency of his Majesty in person, a commission composed of four of its members, for the purpose of examining the propositions presented by the nobility committees. The Emperor has taken into consideration that the projects sent by the committees of the governments demand an elaborate examination, and ought to be compared with each other; and in consideration of the importance and diversity of the objects of this investigation, his Imperial Majesty has judged it indispensable to confide it to special commissioners, composed of functionaries of the competent administrations, and to call to their aid landowners from various parts of Russia, versed in the knowledge of rural economy. Two commissions are instituted to codify all the projects of the nobility committees of the governments, and to draw up the plan of a general regulation respecting the emancipated peasants and other legislative dispositions. As the labours of the commissions, are finished their results will be transmitted to the commission attached to the principal committee, which in its turn will submit them to the said committee, with its opinion thereon. According to this order of operations, the work confided to the commissions cannot be terminated until the members have received and examined the plans of all the committees, some of which will not be presented until the end of the year.

BUSH FIRE IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—Adelaide has been visited by a fearful bush fire. It spread over sixty miles, and at night there was a bright glare over the hills extending nearly half round the horizon. "The sight," says a letter writer, "as we went over the hill, was magnificent, but frightful. The fire came along the scrub at the rate of a galloping horse, often much faster, as two or three poor fellows found out to their sorrow. The flames rushed down in sheets, and roared out of the hollow gum trees like blast furnaces, which were only quelled by the crashing of the heavy stringy bark timber as the trees came down one after another in the wake of the fire. More than fifty families are burnt out entirely, with nothing but their clothes. It being Sunday, and fearfully hot, the men and children were lying about nearly naked. Nothing was saved in the course of the fire, and several women lost their lives. The township of Gumeracha was entirely destroyed; the people carted their furniture under the bridge to be safe, but the fire burnt up bridge, furniture, and all. Two women and three children were burnt to death. The whole country from Barossa to Goolwa is a black charred mass, only varied by the long lines of white ashes which mark the position of fences and homesteads."

THE WAR QUESTION.

A THOUSAND rumours furnish us this week with the due proportion of facts, but it few, they are of first importance.

Late last week came the intelligence that Austria had dealt separately and summarily with Sardinia, by addressing to her a peremptory summons to reduce her armies to a peace footing, and to disband her volunteers. This demand, or "invitation," as it has also been called, was accompanied by the intimation that only three days would be allowed to consider of it. At first it was rumoured that this three days' grace would expire on Sunday evening; but it afterwards appeared that the ultimatum was not received at Turin till Monday.

The moment this demand was known (and its delivery seems to have been delayed some time after its purport was reported), France commenced to despatch her armies to Piedmont. As early as Thursday of last week, we are told, 40,000 troops moved out from Lyons; and on Thursday 20,000 were despatched from Paris to the south; provision was made to send other troops to Genoa by sea; and the scheme of a campaign laid down. The Emperor selected his generals—Marshal Magan to be Commander of the Army of Paris; the Duke of Malakoff, Commander of the Army of Observation stationed at Nancy; General Castellane to have the Army of Lyons; Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers commands the first corps of the Army of the Alps, General McMahon the second, General Canrobert the third, and General Niel the fourth. The powers are given to Prince Napoleon. Marshal Randon is Chief of the Staff of the Army of the Alps. And, finally, the Emperor is to be Commander-in-Chief of his armies; so say all the letter-writers.

While these measures were being taken in France, and thousands of men setting out for Italy amidst the "Mourir pour la Patrie!" and the shouts of the people ("Vive l'Italie!"), the Federal Diet of Germany held a sitting to discuss the proposition of Prussia to put part of the Federal army upon a war footing. The report of this sitting appears to have been published on the day on which it was held—a fact which has a good deal of significance. We need scarcely say that the sittings of the Diet are secret. The proposition of Prussia was adopted, and so was a resolution to arm the Federal fortresses. A military committee of the Diet was appointed for the execution of these resolutions, and with instructions, in addition, to place an army corps of 12,000 men in and about Frankfurt, for the protection of the Diet.

Meanwhile, England, Prussia, and Russia addressed themselves to the Austrian Government, condemning her conduct in despatching such an ultimatum to Piedmont. Prussia protested strongly; we protested strongly; and Captain Harris, our representative in Switzerland, was ordered to Milan to convey our remonstrance to General Giulay, in the hope that it might prevent him from acting on the threat of commencing hostilities, should Sardinia refuse to disarm. Russia protested more strongly than either Prussia or England; and is said to have characterised the conduct of Austria as "offensive."

But now a new light was thrown on the matter. On Wednesday it became known (what the "Spectator" had affirmed several days before) that a close and intimate understanding had all along existed between France and Russia. A treaty offensive and defensive was signed between them on Friday (the 22nd, Good Friday); and by this agreement, we learn, two corps d'armée are to be advanced on the Austrian, and two on the Prussian frontier. This event, or this avowal, changed in a moment the whole aspect of affairs. Austria, after all, it seems, had some justification for what otherwise seemed an unaccountable precipitancy. It is too clear that interests more potent than passion were the secret springs of her menace to Sardinia, and that not only Italy, but the East and the Rhine, are menaced in the contingencies of the threatened war. What the British Government feels in the matter may be inferred from the fact—as reported to us—that Captain Harris was stopped, by telegram, on his way to General Giulay, and desired not to present the protest.

The mask being thrown off, news of preparation and action followed fast and free. "The French Chasseurs Indigènes arrived at Genoa on Tuesday morning."—"The advance corps of the French corps d'armée arrived at Turin on Tuesday evening."—"The Federal Diet of Switzerland has ordered three battalions to the banks of the Ticino."—"The Austrians are to enter Piedmont to-day (Tuesday), in three divisions; one by Piacenza, one by Pavia, and one by Margenta." "A religious ceremony is to be solemnised in the Cathedral of Turin to-morrow (Wednesday), which will be attended by the King and the deputies of the chambers. After the ceremony the King and his staff will leave for Alessandria." "A hundred and sixty thousand French soldiers are now on their way to Savoy," and the French Government makes a statement to the Corps Legislatif, and demands men and money.

On Tuesday, Walewski read to the Chambers an exposition of the negotiations which had taken place. The Count then went on to say: "The Chambers would observe that if the Emperor makes war it is because he has been forced and constrained so to do by the aggressive conduct of Austria. In the negotiations every possible moderation had been used by France." Count Morny, President of the Corps Legislatif, expressed the hope that war would be limited to Italy. M. Baroche then presented a project of law for a loan of 500,000,000 francs; and for raising 40,000 troops, additional to the contingent of 1858.

And after all this comes another "peaceful" telegram, which brought peace to nobody. A Vienna telegram of Wednesday says, "The British Government has offered its direct mediation between Austria and France upon the basis of Lord Cowley's proposals. Austria having accepted this offer, has postponed the declaration of war for a day or two." That was good news, so far; but "France declines the offer made by the British Government!" France goes on its way.

All things considered, then, we have reason to anticipate one of the most desperate conflicts that Europe was ever scourged with; and we are sorry to find that our chances of becoming embroiled in it have grown larger by these later complications.

MR. CHAPLIN, the magnate among carriers, is just dead.

A "MILD" REQUEST.—A man, having the appearance of a navvy, entered the dwelling of a certain tradesman in Dover lately, and delivered himself of the following observations:—"This is Sunday, and I've not had a bit of dinner; the mayor and magistrates of this borough and neighbourhood won't give a poor fellow a blessed mouthful of victuals. I want a little bit of something; I don't mind what it is. I don't care for pheasants or hares—them I can manage to snare when I have got the chance. I'm a little eater, and shouldn't pick more than a sparrow would. God sent bread for everybody. I come from Norfolk, but I'm none the worse for that." The fellow's appeal was here cut short by the tradesman threatening to give him into the hands of the police, if he did not make his exit. He then departed. "It is almost needless to say," adds a local paper, "that the fellow was drunk, and ought to have been lodged in the station." To us this conclusion is not obvious.

DISCOVERY OF ANOTHER VENUS.—A lovely statue has been discovered in a vineyard half a mile beyond the Porta Portese, Rome, and is now, after an obscurity of centuries, restored to the gaze of the public. It will give a sufficient idea of the merit of the statue in question, to say that it is generally considered as likely to rival the reputation of the Medicean Venus at Florence. The attitude is nearly the same, but some differences in the composition—for instance, the absence of the Cupid on the supporting dolphin, and a decidedly different character in the figure itself, show that one is not a copy of the other. "The Venus just discovered appears to me," says a correspondent of the "Morning Post," "to be of a less ideal type than the 'Venus de Medici'; and in his accurate study of nature, the sculptor seems to have introduced into his statue some traces of individuality, especially in the legs, from the knees downwards, which want the rounded proportions which are so exquisite in the rest of the figure. The head—which is broken off—presents great sweetness of expression, as far as it can be judged in its present condition, wanting the nose and a portion of the upper lip. It is likewise not of that disproportionate smallness which strikes the beholder on first contemplating the 'Venus de Medici.' The marble is Parian, and the work evidently the production of a Greek chisel. This statue possesses a great advantage over the 'Venus de Medici,' in having the arms and hands nearly perfect, whereas the Florentine treasure had the arms and hands restored by Bernini. The fingers, however, are wanting, but their position is indicated by the marks on the torso and on the leg, where they rested. The vineyard in which it was found was formerly occupied by the gardens of Cæsar, and subsequently those of Geta, and from which other valuable trouvailles may be expected."

THE WAR COMMENCED.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

Rome, April 27.

On the last night, the Austrian army, amounting to 120,000 men, under the Commander-in-Chief, General Goltz, passed the Ticino in three *colonnes*, namely one corps of 60,000, commanded by Gen. Bressola, a second of 30,000, commanded by General Goltz in person, and a third of 30,000, under General Zobel.

The bridge of Buffalora has been blown up.

Paris, April 27.

A Royal proclamation by the King of Sardinia to the army has been published to-day at five o'clock p.m. The following is a summary:—The King regards the demand to disarm as an outrage on himself and the nation, and has therefore repelled the demand with disdain. The King calls to mind Italy's cry of anguish, and says:—"I will be your captain. I have proved your valour on the field of battle, by the side of my illustrious father. This time you will have for your comrades the gallant French soldiers, your companions on the Tchernaya, whom the Emperor has sent to defend and support our just and civilising cause. Forward to Victory! Let our banner announce to you that our object like our war-cry is 'Independence of Italy.'"

Berlin, April 27.

The "Neue Preussische Zeitung (Kreuzzeitung)" states that Denmark is said to have concluded during the last few days a treaty offensive and defensive with France.

WAR GOSSIP.

The nomination of Magnan to the post of Commander of the Army of Paris during the Emperor's absence, excites universal surprise. The measure is accounted for by his jealous rivals in rather an offensive manner—the needy circumstances of the Marshal, which render him more open to bribery than the others. A report has even gone abroad that the Emperor's speech to the Marshal was characteristic of both individuals:—"I leave you to watch over the Empress, the Prince Imperial, and Paris. Your position will be one of the greatest danger and delicacy. Remember that of Males. You will be exposed to the greatest trials and temptations, but I give you my Imperial word of honour that however great may be the compensation offered for desertion of the Imperial cause, you may always reckon upon double the reward from me for maintaining it."

The reason of this retirement of Austria is said to be the secret purchase by a well-known Austrian diplomat, who understands from old experience how such negotiations are managed, of the secret treaty between France and Piedmont. In this treaty Lombardy is guaranteed to Victor Emmanuel, on condition that no impediment be placed in the way of the establishment of Prince Napoleon at Rome, and Prince Murat at Naples. The terms of the treaty would indicate that this race for succouring Italy is but a cloak to the real motive of the war, which lies in the re-occupation of the Rhine. My informant assures me that for the perished copy of this treaty was paid £20,000, and considered by the diplomat who purchased it cheap at the money. It has been shown by the Archduke Albert to the Prince of Prussia, and hence the immediate move of an immense mass of troops belonging to the Germanic Confederation towards the Rhine. There must be some foundation of truth in this last report, as the appointment of Polissier (officially announced) to the command of an *armée d'observation* at Nancy can have no other motive than that of keeping in check this tremendous force.—*Correspondent of the Star.*

In consequence of the report of the intended attack on Austria by way of the Adriatic, from Algiers, a protest has been received in Paris from Trieste, declaring that the first French corporal who sets his foot on Illyria will be regarded as violating the Germanic Confederation, and the terrible army of 1,800,000 men, is held over the head of the Emperor in that direction, as well as every other.

The Berlin correspondent of the "Mémorial Diplomatique" writes thus:—"If war should arise I know of a means of tranquillising the fears of fathers, mothers, and wives, and even those of the combatants themselves, by recommending them to procure 'a Count David de Mansfeldt's crown piece.' In the year 1612, this coin was called St. George's crown, and ever since the Thirty Years' war this precious piece of silver is known to be a sure preventative against sword-thrusts or gunshot. You will not therefore be surprised to learn that our money-changers and curiosity-dealers are daily receiving from Vienna and every part of Germany the most urgent commissions for the despatch of this invaluable talisman, which is being sold in our city at a fabulous price. In the war of 1848, the same *furore* for the possession of Count Mansfeldt's crown-piece was created. Your readers will be glad to learn the origin of this warlike superstition. During the Thirty Years' war, a Saxon officer, Colonel Mansfeldt, of the Librarian family, was twice hit by a bullet while in action. Each time the bullet having struck upon a St. George's crown he carried in his pocket, the Colonel remained unhurt, and from that moment every officer who went out to fight the Turks, took care to provide himself with that powerful talisman of Count David de Mansfeldt."

The French exchequer (says the "Globe") is in a condition to bear the war expenditure without any abnormal measure, or recurrence to loan of any sort. The Finance Minister has now at the Bank of France a deposit of seventy-five million francs unappropriated, and that establishment happens just now to be bound in payment to the national treasury of one hundred millions, the sum stipulated for the renewal of its charter. This windfall the Government has the power of converting into stock; and, in addition to these resources, the Treasury has by law the faculty to issue *bons du trésor* (exchequer bills) to a very large amount.

The French Cent Gardes (a select corps of picked body guards, who all get the pay of officers) have got orders to keep themselves in readiness, at a moment's warning, to accompany the Emperor to the field.

Two Sardinian steamers, which ply on the Lago Maggiore, have arrived at Magadino in Switzerland, to take shelter against a probable attack of the Austrians. The traffic on the Lago Maggiore has almost entirely ceased.

A Turin letter says:—"A considerable number of troops are stationed along the Swiss frontier on the banks of the Lake of Como. They have taken possession most unceremoniously of the finest villas, injuring everything. Complaints are useless, and what renders matters worse is that the troops do not receive full pay, owing to the state of the Austrian finances. In the country parts the soldiers take their supplies by force, whilst in the towns they offer paper of no value, or else go off without paying anything. At Piacenza, General Robn, commander of the fortress, has seized on the funds of the Grand Ducal Treasury, and simply sent to Parma a receipt."

PANIC ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE.—The news which reached us on Wednesday caused a panic on our Exchange. Nine of its members succumbed before the close of the day. Consols finally closed at 90½ to 1, or 5½ per cent. lower than the day before. In Railway shares the fall in some cases amounted to 5 per cent.; and Turkish Six per Cents., a very speculative stock, gave way no less than 20 per cent.!

THE NEW FRENCH GUN.—It is known that for some time past attempts have been made in Paris to construct rifled cannon on the pattern of the Armstrong gun, and that the French claim the priority of the invention. However that may be, one thing has now become certain, that our neighbours have not succeeded in bringing their invention into practical use. The French rifled pieces of ordnance, which have been constructed to the number of about two hundred, have been involved by the experimental discharges to which they have been subjected. The circumstance has, of course, created a great amount of inconvenience. The French military laboratories have now to go through the tedious business of re-casting the whole of these cannon, so as to render them serviceable for the threatened war.

INDIA.

THE rebels, under the Begum and Ram Singh, have re-crossed the river Gouduck, and have marched westward through the Nepal Terrai. On the 16th of March about 2000 rebels, supposed to be an advanced party, entered the Toolsepoore territory. The main body, with the chiefs, were said to be at Bootwal, about twenty-five miles east of the Toolsepoore boundary. They are believed to number about 5000, including women and children. Brigadier Kelly was to have been at Lotun, thirty-six miles from Bootwal, on the 18th inst.

The province of Oude continues tranquil; the disarming of the country and the demolition of the forts progress satisfactorily.

Information has been received from Chundeyree, in Central India, that the Rao Sahib, with 2,000 cavalry, arrived in the Chundeyree district on the 13th inst. Arrangements had been made for pursuing him. Overtures of surrender had been received both from the Rao and Feroze Shah, who are both said to be anxious to come in.

Tantha Topee, when last heard of, was threading the jungles on the Chumbul, under the assumed name of Rao Singh.

On the 4th of March Brigadier Fordyce attacked the rebels under Furzund Alee and Runmust Singh; 102 of them were killed, and the regimental colours of the 30th Native Infantry, with seventy muskets and rifles, besides numerous matchlocks and swords, were taken. On our side three Sikhs were killed, and one officer and sixteen men wounded. After this defeat Runmust Singh with the remainder of his party crossed the Kijoor range, and on the 19th of March were thirty miles west of Singrowlee, in the Mizapore district.

Another attempt to produce mutiny among Sikh troops has been discovered at Lahore.

The Bengal Chamber of Commerce is preparing a petition against an increase of Customs' duties, and to memorialise for a parliamentary commission to investigate and report upon Indian finances.

Brigadier Kelly was watching the Begum and the Nena, who have come down to the Nepal frontier, with 8,000 men.

FINANCE.

The recent financial proceedings of Lord Canning have created much excitement. It was on the 12th of March that he went down to the Council, and handed in the bill augmenting the tariff in respect of many articles both of export and import. Salt, opium, and timber from the Burman provinces were specially exempted, and the duty on cotton, thread, twist, yarn was only increased from 3½ to 5 per cent. By clause 4 of the bill, persons who had made contracts were empowered to add the duty to the price agreed upon for the goods under contract. Lord Canning made a long speech to the Council, in the course of which he said the measure was adopted to provide means for paying the interest on the late loans.

"He declared that the duty of 20 per cent. levied on tea, coffee, haberdashery, millinery, hosiery, tobacco, spices, grocery, confectionery, oilmen's stores, provisions, ham, cheese, perfumery, jewellery, plate, porter, ale, beer and other fermented liquors, and on wines and spirits, was a duty on articles of luxury, not on necessities of life; that the double duty of 10 per cent. was confined to articles that were not articles of luxury, and that in the case of cotton yarns the low duty of 5 per cent. was imposed, because it was a half-manufactured article, tending to promote native industry. With reference to the export duties, he justified them by the hope that the exports would not be affected to any appreciable extent. Tobacco was to be free, because it was intended at a future time to burden it with an Excise duty. He considered that an increase of ninety-five lacs of rupees would be brought into the treasury by the new tariff. Lord Canning then proceeded to justify the immediate imposition of the duties, which, he said, he proposed to effect by suspending the standing orders, so as to allow the bill to pass and become law in one day. He said he was aware that the change would interfere with the operations of the trading class; but it was better for all classes that there should be no interval between the passing of the bill and its action. He said this was the rule in England, though the forms of procedure were different. Then, passing on to that portion of the subject which referred to contracts to arrive—a subject specially alluded to in the 4th clause of the preamble, he stated that to save all hardships it had been determined to give the contractor a faculty of charging the buyer with the enhanced duty on arrival."

Mr. E. Currie and Sir J. Colville protested against the summary proceeding proposed; the Council refused to pass the measure, but allowed it to be enforced by enacting a bill of indemnity to the Commissioners of Customs. On the 14th, the debate was resumed. The members of Council had by that time yielded, and made no opposition. The public outside were not slow to express their dissatisfaction. The Chambers of Commerce at Calcutta and Bombay met, and protested against it, and drew up resolutions of a character not only hostile to the measure, but to the mode in which it had been carried. At Bombay, on the 14th, when the merchants found themselves suddenly liable to enhanced duties, they appealed to Lord Elphinstone to suspend the new duties, pending a reference to Calcutta; but while he sympathised with the commercial men, Lord Elphinstone told them that he had no option, his orders were imperative. Nevertheless, he begged Lord Canning to permit goods already shipped to pay the old duties. Lord Canning declined to do so. At a meeting held on the 22nd, the policy of the Government was denounced as a violation of free trade.

THE INDIAN LOAN.—The response of the public to the Indian loan of £7,000,000 is but partial, only £5,077,000 having been tendered for at the price considered acceptable by the Indian Council. Considering, however, the circumstances of the time, and, more especially, the crisis in foreign politics notified within three or four hours after the adjudication of the loan, the result is quite as satisfactory as could be expected. For some months to come the craving demands of the Indian Government will be met, and the means will be afforded for remitting to India the additional supplies of bullion described in the Governor-General's despatches as indispensable. When the pecuniary supply now secured shall have been exhausted, the Council will, of course, appear again in the market with the unalloyed balance of the present loan, together with such additional amount as may have received the sanction of Parliament. The present is rendered secure; the future must take care of itself.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.—The Court of Assizes of the Ardennes three days ago tried a peasant named Haguette, of Flize, for an attempt at murder. Twelve years back, when he was only seventeen years of age, he paid remarkable attention to a little girl named Lebas, then only twelve years old, daughter of a farmer of the village, and as they both grew older he began to regard her as his future wife. For some time the girl's parents made no objection to his visiting her, but when some months back he began to talk of marriage, they resolved to break off with him because he was idle, and because, also, the girl being destined to come into possession of some property, they thought that she might aspire to a person in a better station of society. The girl herself, though she had readily received the young man's addresses, consented to reject him. He was plunged in despair at this decision, and constantly waylaid her for the purpose of supplicating her to accept him as her lover, but she always refused. He made repeated threats of vengeance against her and her family, but they were not regarded. At length, on the 6th of March last, a gendarme of the neighbouring village, whom the parents had selected as the girl's husband, paid her a visit; and whilst he was in the house, Haguette, in a state of great agitation, flung open the window, and cried out, "You shall regret this!" The next day the girl ascended to a hayloft to take some hay for the oxen; the prisoner followed her unobserved into the loft carrying with him a double-barrelled gun, and suddenly clasp her round the waist, he implored her to fly with him. She refused; he repeated his prayer, and intimated that if she did not comply with it, he would kill her. The girl, however, broke from him, and he fired the gun at her twice, without hitting her. The girl's mother, however, who at that moment happened to enter the hayloft, was slightly wounded in the hand by some slugs from the second discharge. The man took to flight, but was afterward captured. In his defence all that he could say was, that he was maddened by love and jealousy. The jury declared him guilty, with extenuating circumstances, and the Court sentenced him to seven years' hard labour.

THE EX-ROYAL FAMILY OF FRANCE.—Tuesday being the fête day of the ex-Queen Marie Amélie, who completed her 78th year, the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale gave a déjeuner at Orleans House, Twickenham, to a large family circle. His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, attended by Colonel Francis Seymour, arrived shortly after twelve o'clock from Windsor Castle. The Duke of Oporto also joined the circle. The Queen Marie Amélie, accompanied by the Duke de Nemours and his youthful family, the Prince and Princess de Joinville and children, the Duchess Augusta Saxe-Coburg, the Count de Paris, &c., arrived from Claremont. Covers were laid for upwards of forty.

IRELAND.

CATHOLIC DEMONSTRATION IN KERRY.—A meeting of the inhabitants of the county of Kerry was held last week in the corn market of Tralee, for the purpose of protesting against "the insult offered to the Catholics of Ireland by the conduct of the Crown officials at the recent trial of Daniel Sullivan, in setting aside all the Catholic jurors on account of their religion." The meeting was exceedingly large, and the attendance of the gentry and clergy of the county very numerous. The chair was taken by James O'Connell, Esq., of Liskeview, the last surviving brother of the Liberator. A series of resolutions were adopted, denouncing the exclusion of jurors on the ground of creed as an insult to the entire class to which the excluded individuals belong; declaring that at the recent treason-felony prosecution in Tralee the setting aside by the Crown of all the Catholics who were called had impressed the people of the county with the conviction that the individuals in question were excluded from the jury-box solely because they were Catholics, and that the existence of such a conviction in the minds of the people was dangerous to the peace and adverse to the improvement of Ireland. It was also resolved that Parliament should be petitioned to adopt such measures as will prevent a recurrence of the evil practices complained of, and a committee was appointed to draw up the petition.

THE WIFE MURDER AT CAHILLFERRIS.—The murderer, George Morgan, is a miserable creature, about forty-five years old. The body was found in the "cabin," consisting of one room, in a temporary grave, with a little hay on the floor, and a small quantity of turf and potatoes over the new clay. A man named Moriarty, into whose house Morgan came on the morning of the murder, says that his coat was folded under his arm, and that, perceiving something unusual about him, when he came in to light his pipe, he asked him what was the matter, and he replied, that when he came home that morning from where he worked the day before, he found his wife bleeding and dead. He had two hammers, one of which fell, and Moriarty took it up, and found it quite wet. A man named McCarthy says that Morgan came to his house on Wednesday morning, a distance of about five miles, and after some conversation, and in reply to McCarthy, said that his wife was murdered last night, and he did not know by whom. He said that there was no one in the house but deceased, his child, and himself, and that he found her killed when he came home in the morning. McCarthy told him to give himself up and suffer if he killed the woman, to which he replied that he would not, for that no one would know it till he would tell it himself when he was dying. Another person, a woman, to whose house he also came that morning, says that, after a conversation, he said he had killed her, and would give himself up to the police.

SCOTLAND.

A MIRACULOUS DRAUGHT OF FISHES.—While a fisherman in one of the boats belonging to Ferryden, says the "Montrose Standard," was hauling his line at a considerable distance from the shore, a circumstance occurred which illustrates the voracity with which the different kinds of piscivorous animals prey upon one another. While the fisherman was drawing up a haddock that was on one of the hooks, he noticed a large halibut making an attempt to devour the smaller fish. He immediately seized a clip, and laid hold of the halibut, but had hardly got a proper hold of it, when he perceived a ling trying to seize the halibut. Having freed one hand, he immediately seized the ling with the other, and proceeded to pull it on board, when he noticed a large sea cat making strenuous attempts to seize the ling. This animal was also taken on board, concluding this remarkable chase.

THE BOILER EXPLOSION AT DUNDEE.—It now appears that nineteen lives were lost by this explosion, and that fourteen sufferers survive, most of whom are progressing favourably. The accident will throw upwards of 400 persons out of employment for some weeks to come. About thirty persons were usually employed in that part of the premises in which the explosion occurred. An investigation is being made into the cause of the accident by the Procurator Fiscal, and professional engineers have been employed to examine the boilers.

A WIFE-HUNT.—An Irishman, lodging with a carter near Alyth, carried off his wife. The husband, with the help of a band of "fun-loving juveniles," (says the local paper), caught the lady on the Firth road, and brought her back, amid the shouts of the party, who seemed to enjoy exceedingly their night's sport." The Irishman disappeared.

THE PROVINCES.

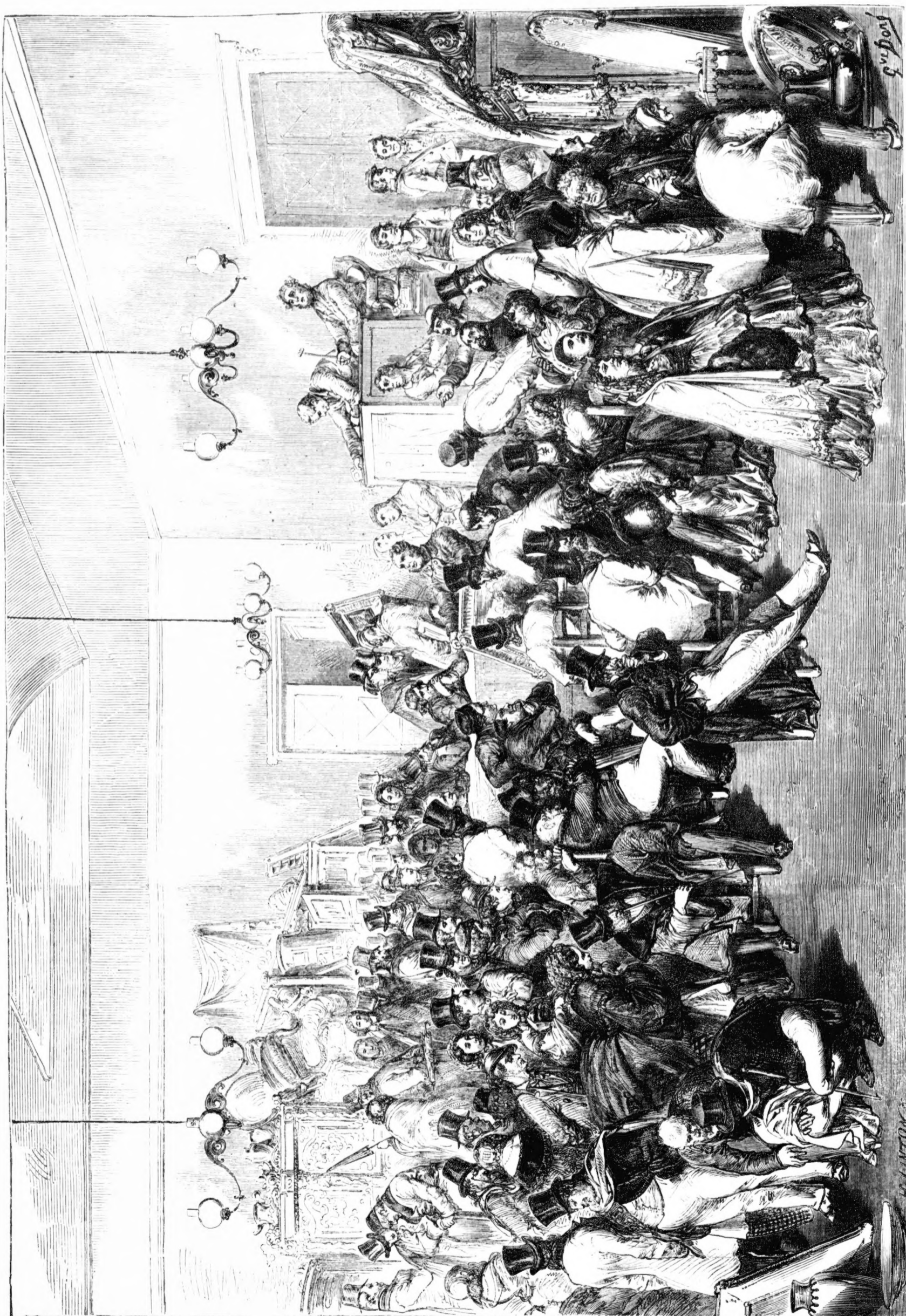
CELEBRATION OF SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTH-DAY.—The thirty-fifth anniversary dinner of the Royal Shakespearian Club, in commemoration of the birth-day of the "Bard of Avon," took place at Shakespear's Hall, Stratford-upon-Avon. Mr. W. H. Tilbury presided, and selections from the plays of Shakespear were delivered at two o'clock at the Royal Shakespearian Rooms by Mr. Walter Montgomery. Although much has been done since the last anniversary meeting, in reference to the contemplated improvements of Shakespear's birth-place, yet the plans and arrangements are by no means completed. The executors of the late Mr. John Shakespear (who had made liberal bequests for this purpose) consider the wording of the bequests to be so indefinite and uncertain that they decline to pay over the money until the opinion of a court of equity has been obtained upon the construction of the will. The consequence is, that the works at Shakespear's house have been at a stand-still for many months for want of funds, and are likely to be so for a considerable time longer.

FATAL ACCIDENT ON THE ORWELL.—On Saturday, James Girling, a Trinity pilot, with his son, was stationed on board the pilot cutter, lying just at the mouth of the Orwell, about a mile from Harwich pier, and during the morning a Welsh schooner entered the river. Girling and his son (who was apprenticed to him as a pilot) went on board, and piloted her up as far as the second pilot boat, which lies at Downham Beach, three miles from Ipswich, where another pilot went on board, and Girling and his son started off for their station in their skill, with sails set. The wind was very puffy and squally. They were seen sailing just past Tin Mill by another pilot on board a yacht, who noticed that Girling was steering with an oar instead of a rudder, the latter, it is supposed, having become disabled. The Atlanta steam-packet was running down to Harwich about one o'clock, and when near Foxhall Bottom, the mate, George Bacon, saw what he thought were the heads of two persons above water. The steamer was at once stopped, the boat launched, and two men pulled over to the spot, where they picked up a pilotcloth jacket, a sou'-wester, a rudder, a pair of oars, a boat scoop, and one or two other articles. These were immediately identified as belonging to Girling and his son. Nothing was seen of either the boat or the men, and on the steamer calling at the lower pilot boat, it was found that nothing had been seen of the Girlings; and there is no doubt the boat was capsized by a sudden squall, when about two miles and a half from Harwich, and the father and son were drowned.

FATAL ACCIDENTS WITH FIRE-ARMS.—Mr. J. Searson, farmer, of Bulby, was in a wood with his son, John, and a younger boy named Frederick, holding a loaded double-barrelled gun in his right hand, Frederick, having some rabbits on a stick, accidentally "turned the gun," and it went off into John's leg. The leg was amputated, and he died.—There has been another case of accidental death from fire-arms. Thomas Fowkes, a labourer at Narborough, left his loaded gun, with a discharged cap on it, in a coal-house. After he had done so, his own and his master's son found the gun. The latter, in ignorance of its being loaded, put a cap on the nipple and pulled the hammer; the charge exploded and shot the boy Fowkes dead.

A MAN KILLED IN MANCHESTER AT MIDNIGHT.—Shortly after midnight on Saturday, a factory hand, named John Wallworth, of Short Street, River Street, Hulme, was found by a police-constable lying insensible in Medlock Street, Hulme, with a crowd of persons around him. The man was bleeding profusely from the ear, and, having been conveyed to the Chorlton-on-Medlock police-station, and afterwards to the Manchester Royal Infirmary, and he died about the middle of the day (Sunday). Wallworth had been to Knot Mill fair on Saturday night with his wife, and on his return home, after drinking freely, he called at the Globe Inn, Medlock Street. A man named Welsh, who was passing down the street at the time, saw two men standing on the path together, at a short distance from Wallworth. Suddenly, one of the men went up to Wallworth and struck him a blow on the head, which knocked him down; and then both ran away, joining four other men who had been standing at a greater distance in the middle of the road. A woman, who was near at the time, also witnessed the blow, but could not identify the man by whom it was struck. The police were actively engaged on Sunday in endeavouring to find the guilty parties.

"I'LL STICK TO THE LAST."—Some years ago a labouring man, named William Carruthers, deserted his wife and left the parish of Cummertrees, in Scotland, to maintain her and two children. Search was made for him, but to no purpose; and from that day till last Tuesday he was not found. This week, however, the wife came from Moffat to Carlisle, and was wandering down Botchergate, little thinking of the past, when her eye fell on a face and figure she had not seen for many a day. Going up to him, she stretched out her hands in astonishment, and exclaimed, "En! Willy, is that you?" It was Willy, sure enough, and man and wife were taken to the police-office. It there transpired that the deserter had another wife and two children in Carlisle—the eldest being five years of age. The second wife was brought to the police-office also; and the man was glad to escape from the trouble he had brought upon himself, and was taken to Dumfries prison. His parting words were, that he knew he would be punished, but that at the end of his imprisonment he would "stick to the last."



SALE OF OBJECTS OF VIRTU IN PARIS.—(FROM A DRAWING BY GUSTAVE DORE.)

A PARISIAN AUCTION OF OBJECTS OF VIRTU.

It is true that "The value of a thing is just as much as it will bring," under all circumstances and in all cases, there are at least two cases where it comes out very strongly—a famine, and a sale by auction of objects of vertu. We should like to hear some social philosopher (like Mr. Maurice or Mr. Kinsley, for instance) who stands up for an absolute standard of value for everything, demonstrate the absolute value of a porcelain green monkey of the *rococo* period, or, among snuff-boxes, that of "A Grignon, with the regent's crest."

Is its value the amount of rational gratification it is calculated to confer? If so, it is required to know what amount that may be. "Books in the running brooks, sermons in stones," says Shakspeare; and why not in old china and odd carvings? says Fezzwigs. What was the absolute value of the little shell that the despairing lover turned up on the Breton strand in "Maud," and how much would he have been justified in bidding for it, if he could have known beforehand that it would set him on wholesome thoughts? What is the absolute value of a baby's rattle, or of the strip of watered silk riband that we picked up as it fell from baby's mother's dress, when our love was young, and made to mark the place in our pocket Bible? Going, the rope that hanged Cordelia! What is the absolute value? Casuist, propound; or if propound you cannot, consider that, in our present ignorance of psychological mysteries, a *rococo* green monkey might be spiritual bread-and-wine to Fezzwigs, which you would have no more right to deny him (if you could, but freedom of buying and selling is a popular sentiment in Europe), than you would have to deny some moonstruck creature in an asylum his crown of plaited straw, or to disabuse a child of its faith in its doll. In fact, this same question of "absolute value," pushed to its limits, would hand us over to Berkeley, and ultimate atoms, and heaven knows what. Conceive, for instance, in case of a famine, and an enormous price being paid for a potato, upon the plea that the purchaser must live, meeting him, upon the question of absolute value, with the observation that you did not see the necessity! But, to be sure, if in time of famine, a man with children crying for food,

were to buy "a Grignon, with the Regent's crest," instead of bread, he would not win golden opinions. So there are limits every way. It is noticeable, and might puzzle a pundit, that the curiosity-fancier belongs to every phase of civilisation, and semi-civilisation,

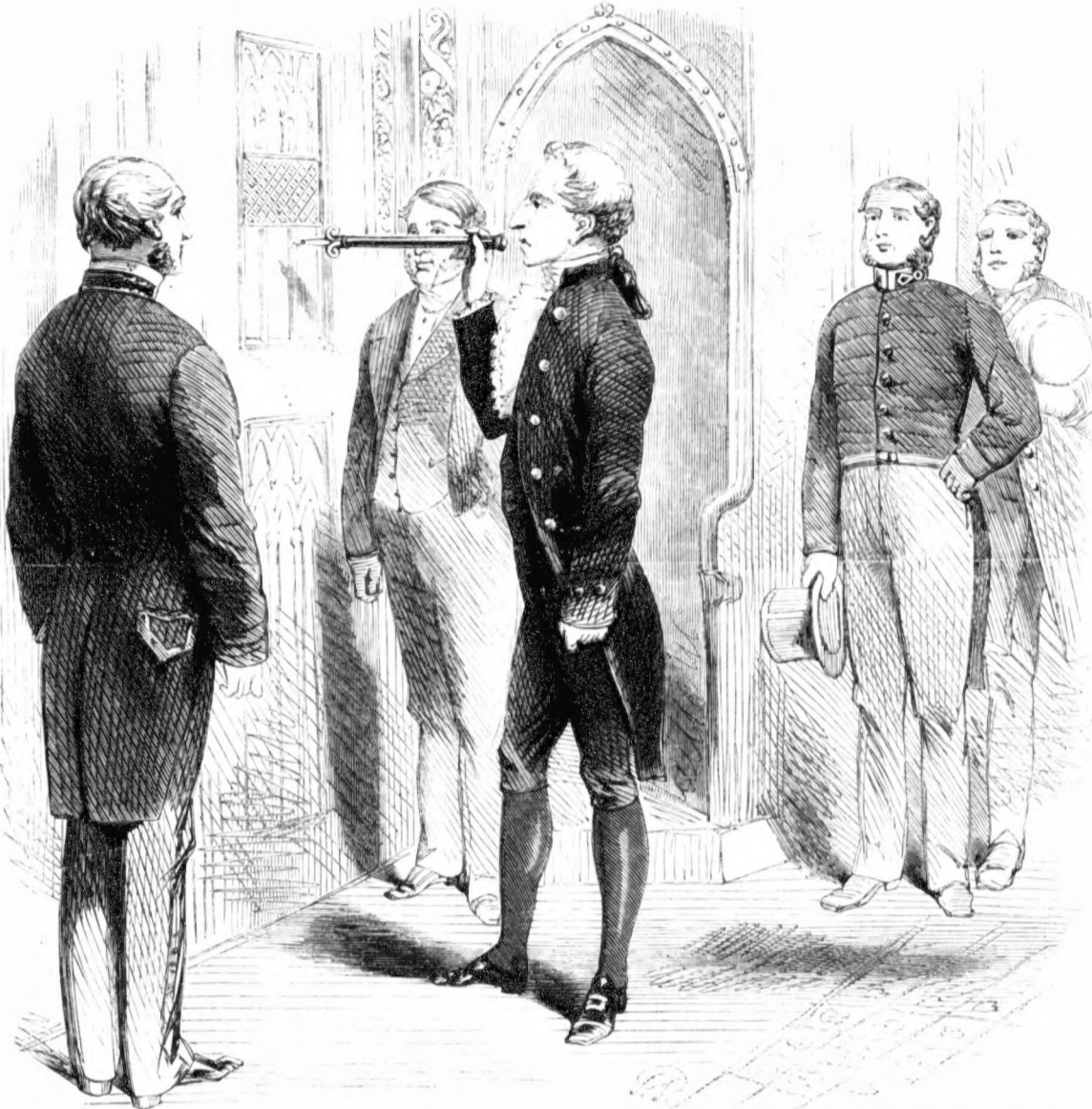
diately despatched the Usher of the Black Rod to summon the House of Commons. The Usher of the Black Rod is Sir Augustus Clifford. This august functionary having received his orders, got under way, and admiring strangers in the passages and central hall saw him clothed in

and that you find him, with much the same features, in Pekin, in Paris, and in London. Here is a Parisian auction-room for objects of vertu, and you recognise at once the class of objects and the class of people. The Jew commission agent is there, you may be sure, and Balzac used to come to this very place, to look about him. Rothschild himself steps in from the Bourse now and then, to pass an hour or two. Here, sir, you may see "life," and be philosophical at your leisure. People are not afraid to laugh and talk aloud, and you may pick up family stories out of what you see and hear, if you are anything of a sentimental loungeur. And the same sort of thing fetches a preposterous price, here as elsewhere. Look at that ink-stand in porcelain from Java, about three times the size of an egg-cup; and pray admire the subject—a rabbit in an arm-chair, lecturing a snake, armed with spurs and a moustache, the whole surrounded with blue butterflies. But there is a label attached—"Donné par la Reine Marie Antoinette à Rivarol"—and an old Jew bids three hundred francs for his client behind him! His client behind him is a young man, green as the midsummer forest dim, who will fill the little porcelain ink-stand with water, to keep fresh the camellia which it is the present fashion to wear in the button-hole. What is the "absolute value" of the article to the young man? Never mind; the Hebrew senior will get his commission, and look out for fresh prey next time. Come away, sir, come away, the room has rather a miscellaneous smell, after all; and we don't like the moral atmosphere altogether—that competitive eagerness on people's faces is not pretty; but what can you expect in an auction-room?

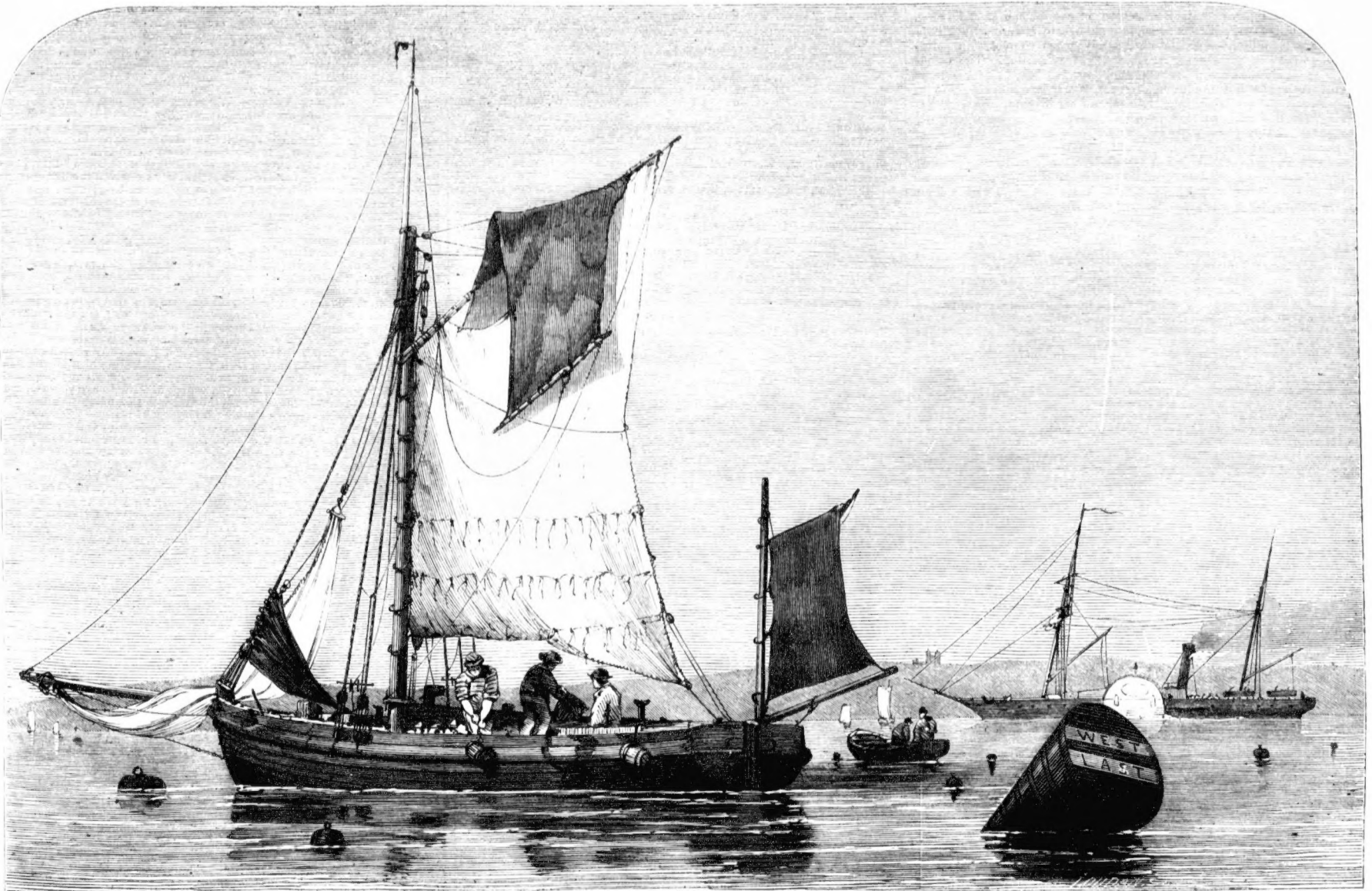
"BLACK ROD"

AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Tuesday, April 19, Parliament was prorogued by commission; and on Saturday it was dissolved by proclamation. On the aforesaid day, the three Royal Commissioners took their seats upon a bench between the wool-sack and the throne, and immediately despatched the Usher of the Black Rod to summon the House of Commons. The Usher of the Black Rod is Sir Augustus Clifford. This august functionary having received his orders, got under way, and admiring strangers in the passages and central hall saw him clothed in



DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT: THE "BLACK ROD" KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



BRITISH FISHERIES, NO. 7: TROTTER FOR WHEELS.—(FROM A SKETCH BY G. T. ANDREWS.)

court dress, and carrying his rod, a short black staff with a gilt crown at the top, in his hand, march solemnly and alone down to the Lower House. Meanwhile Mr. Speaker was waiting in his chair, and the Sergeant-at-Arms stood at the door. Soon the latter official descended Sir Augustus, and at once slammed the door, to let all persons know, and the Usher of the Black Rod especially, that however high may be his position, and even though he brings a message from the Sovereign, he cannot enter the people's House without permission. When Sir Augustus arrived, he knocked three times at the door with his staff; whereupon the Sergeant-at-Arms looked—or was supposed to look—through the brass grating in the door, and seeing who was there he threw open the door, and the door-keeper having heralded his advance by loudly shouting at the Bar "Black Rod!" Sir Augustus marched up the House, bowing three times to the Speaker as he approached; and having arrived at the table, he set his rod upright thereon and delivered his message; and then retired backwards, again bowing to the Speaker, who returned his bows, and immediately arose, and preceded by the Sergeant with his mace, and followed by some score or two of the members, set sail for the Lords. At the door Mr. Speaker was joined by the Black Rod, who walked by his side (see the engraving). At the House of Peers Mr. Speaker bowed to the throne, and then took his place at the Bar, with the Sergeant and mace by his side, whilst the commission and prorogation were read; after which he again bowed to the throne and retired. He returned to the House of Commons, but without the mace, for Parliament was now prorogued. On arriving at the House he took his seat at the table, and read the Queen's Speech to a few members clustered around him, and then, having shaken hands with his friends, he departed through a back-door, and all was over.

A VISIT TO A JAPANESE PEACH-GARDEN.

To the peach-garden we went, though that fruit was no longer procurable, but the place was prettily laid out with trees, grass, artificial lakes, bridges, and pleasant summer-houses and verandahs. The establishment was under the management of or belonged to a lady, and as soon as "No. 2" functionary had swaggered about, and enlightened them as to the important positions Lord Elgin and he held, arrangements were made for refreshment. There being no chairs in Japan, we threw ourselves at full length upon the nice clean mats. Several low tables, just high enough for people seated cross-legged on the ground, were placed near, and then the hostess upon her knees, commencing with the Ambassador, presented each person with a cup of tea. She was a remarkably good-looking, lady-like woman. Nothing could have been more graceful than her manner; and the posture of kneeling, accompanied by a low bow to signify prostration at one's feet, is the custom of the country, where every subordinate prostrates himself in the presence of his superior. This loving cup having been presented, she stood aside, and directed her servants to place fruits and other refreshments before us; her teeth were blackened, and consequently she must be a married woman, though no husband appeared. Possibly she was a widow; but if so, she had decidedly reached that stage of widowhood known as that of mitigated woe in the mourning warehouses at home. We are undecided up to this moment whether to ascribe our being attended upon by the ugly handmaidens of the establishment to the matronly prudence of our good hostess alone, or to some villainous reasons of functionary "No. 2;" but there, away in the distance, we saw such pretty girls! The poor ugly ones! one should always feel or ugly women, dear reader. Heaven no doubt intended all women, like the flowers, to be pretty or beautiful; an ugly woman is a mistake—but at any rate, there were two of those unfortunates sent to attend upon the Ambassador and his party. In justice to them, it must be said that their scrupulous cleanliness, neatness, and the quick wit with which the poor girls saw exactly what each guest wanted, reconciled us to them amazingly; and none enjoyed the joke more heartily than they did, when some of the party beseeched the prudent matron to allow the handsomer young ladies to wait on us; a request she met with a shake of the head, and a glance at that abominable fellow, "No. 2" functionary, who doubtless thus revenged himself upon us for the gallop we had inflicted upon him on his brass-bound demi-peak saddle. The dress of the Japanese women is simple, but graceful. The robe which crosses the breast, close up to the neck, or a little lower according to the taste of the wearer, reaches nearly down to the ground, and has loose sleeves, leaving the wrist free. This robe is confined round the body by a shawl, which is tied behind in a bow, the ends flowing. Everything in Japan, even to dress, is regulated by law, and the sumptuary laws have been very strict until lately, when contact with Europeans appears to be bringing about a slight relaxation. The colour worn by all classes of men in their usual dress is black, or dark blue, of varied patterns; but the women very properly are allowed, and of course avail themselves of the privilege, to wear brighter dresses. Yet their taste was so good that loud and noisy colours were generally eschewed. Their robes were generally striped silks of gray, blue, or black; the shawl some beautiful bright colour—crimson, for instance; and their fine jet-black hair was tastefully set off, by having crimson crape, of a very beautiful texture, thrown in among it. Of course we speak of the outdoor dress of the women—their full dress within doors is, we believe, far more gay.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

ANNUAL REPORT ON THE POST OFFICE.

The fifth Report of the Postmaster-General, Lord Colchester, shows that last year (1858) the number of post-offices in the United Kingdom was increased by 134, making the total present number 11,255, of which 806 are head post-offices and 10,449 sub post-offices. A general revision of rural posts has been completed, and at 1,355 places free deliveries were established for the first time last year. During the ten years previous to 1857, when the improvements were comparatively small, the annual rate of increase was somewhat less than a million and a half, while during the last two years it has been as follows:—In 1857, 4,239,000, and in 1858, 6,270,000 letters. Since the commencement of 1859 the rate of increase has been still higher. This augmentation of letters in the last two years has afforded an increase of £18,000 a year to the revenue. The distance over which mails are now conveyed within the United Kingdom by railways, mail coaches, &c., steamers, boats, and foot messengers, is about 133,000 miles per day, being 3,000 more than at the end of 1857; this increase is chiefly in railway conveyance. The number of letters delivered in the United Kingdom last year was 523,000,000, being at the ratio of 22 to each person in England, 7 to each person in Ireland, and 16 to each person in Scotland. The total shows an increase of 19,000,000 over the year 1857, and, as compared with 1839 (the year previous to the introduction of the penny-postage scheme), one of 447,000,000. Nearly one-quarter of all these letters were delivered in London and the suburban districts, and nearly one-half passed through the London office. The foreign and colonial letters (included in the above figures) form less than 1-50th of the whole number delivered. The number of registered letters was nearly 1,300,000, or one registered to 400 ordinary letters. 1,700,000 letters were returned to the writers last year, and 570,000 newspapers.

There were 7,250,000 book-packets last year, being an increase of one-fifth on the previous year. The average postage of a book-packet is 2½d.; of an inland letter, 1½d. 6,689,396 money-orders were issued last year, to the amount of £12,662,105, leaving a net profit of £25,936. In 1849, the profit was only £322, and in 1850, only £3,236. The money-order system is carried on at a loss in Ireland, owing to the number of petty sums remitted, for small orders do not "pay" the Post-office. The termination of the Australian mail contract with the "European and Australian Royal Mail Company" is noticed with satisfaction. The Postmaster-General stigmatises the very bad performance of the service by this company. It is now undertaken by the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Company. The gross revenue of the Post-office last year amounted to £3,087,535, and the expenditure to £1,926,045. The net revenue was £1,161,490, being an increase of £25,714 on that of 1857. The staff of officers numbered 24,372. The position of a large body of London letter-carriers has been much improved by recent arrangements—so says the Postmaster-General; but it can hardly be denied that the wages of these perpetual transmitters are wretchedly inadequate to the hard work and irksome labour achieved.

SANCTUARY.—An Englishman was recently visiting the Church of Santa-Maria Maggiore, when a man, half dressed and in a wild state, rushed in, and laying hold of the rails of the altar of the Madonna, demanded sanctuary. In a few minutes he was followed by a French soldier, with a drawn sword, and another and another, and one or two gendarmes, but he was safe inside the rails. The man was a murderer.

THE ELECTIONEERING CONTEST.

ENGLISH COUNTIES AND BOROUGHS.

ABINGDON.—It would have been singular indeed had this small borough deprived itself of the luxury of a contest. The Derbyites have sent down Mr. Gifford Hudson to contend for the seat with the sitting member, Mr. Norris.

AVONESTRY.—Captain Brine is canvassing Kinsale, and may therefore be taken to have retired.

BALMORIS.—Mr. Lewis has retired.

BURWICK.—Here the sitting members, Mr. Stapleton and Mr. Majoribanks, are opposed by Captain Gordon and Mr. Ralph Earle, private secretary to Mr. Disraeli.

BEVERLEY.—Mr. Digby Seymour has come forward as a Liberal candidate. He has three Conservative opponents.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Bright and Mr. Scholefield will have to go to the poll for their seats. Two other candidates have issued addresses:—Mr. Thomas Dyke Acland, a Liberal, who dates his conversion from the days of Peel; and Mr. G. Bodington, also Liberal. These two count upon the votes of those electors of Birmingham who do not love the principles of Mr. Bright.

BLACKBURN.—Mr. Pilkington has withdrawn. Mr. Hornby and Mr. J. P. Murrell, a high-coloured Radical, are the candidates.

BODMIN.—Mr. R. H. S. Vyvyan has withdrawn in favour of Dr. Michell.

BRIGHTON.—Sir Allan Napier M'Nab will contest this borough.

BURY.—Mr. R. N. Phillips has withdrawn.

CALNE is to be contested by Captain W. G. Marshall, Conservative.

CAMBRIDGE (UNIVERSITY).—Mr. Horsford Hope has withdrawn.

CARNARVON BOROUGH.—The Liberal Conservative, Mr. Bulkeley Hughes, threatened with a Liberal opponent, has declared for the ballot, and the Liberal opponent has disappeared. Mr. Hughes is opposed by the Tory, Mr. Charles Wynne.

CITREROE.—Mr. Aspinall retiring, Mr. Hopwood will walk over the course.

COCKERMOUTH.—Lord Nass, Tory, Mr. Steel, Liberal, the sitting members, and General O. Thompson, Liberal, are candidates.

COVENTRY.—A local solicitor, a Liberal, has come out of his office to contend for one of the two seats held by Mr. Ellice and Sir J. Paxton.

DERBY.—There are four candidates:—Mr. Bass and Mr. Beale (the present members), and Mr. James and Mr. Hailes. The last only is Conservative.

DERBYSHIRE (SOUTH).—The Hon. A. Vernon is a candidate upon Liberal principles.

DURHAM (SOUTH).—Lord Harry Vane has retired.

ESSEX (NORTH).—Colonel Ruggles Brise, put up by the malcontent Tories, has withdrawn at the eleventh hour, and "W. B." and Mr. Ducane have a clear field before them.

GREENWICH.—A Conservative candidate, Captain J. H. Maxwell, R.N., has appeared.

HUDDESFIELD.—Mr. E. Akroyd is the opposition candidate. Mr. E. A. Leatham is also to be put in nomination.

KIDDERMINSTER.—Mr. Bristow, Liberal, contests this borough with Mr. Huddleston.

LANCASTER.—In consequence of the retirement of the present member for this borough, the Hon. J. W. Peery, on account of the state of his health, Judge Haliburton, the author of "Sam Slick" (not Sir Brenton Haliburton), has announced himself as a candidate in the Conservative interest.

LEOMINSTER.—Mr. Galton withdraws, and leaves the field to Mr. Hardie and Captain Hambury.

LINCOLN.—Major Sibthorp, Tory, and Mr. Henage, Liberal, and Mr. Palmer, "advanced Liberal," are candidates.

LINCOLNSHIRE (SOUTH).—Mr. A. Wilson having retired, Sir John Trollope and Mr. Packer are the only candidates.

LISSARD.—Captain T. E. Rogers, Liberal, will be a third candidate for this borough.

LONDON.—Lord Stanley's name has been definitively withdrawn. He has been proposed (against his will) at Maylebone.

MERTHYR.—Mr. E. M. Elderton, of the Temple, London, is a candidate.

NEWBURN.—Mr. Hodgkinson, solicitor, of the town, opposes the late member.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.—Mr. Christy has retired, and the candidates now in the field are Mr. Jackson, the present Liberal member, and Mr. G. Jeffries and Mr. Murray, both Conservatives.

NEWPORT (ISLE OF WIGHT).—W. M. Cooke still remains in the field. The Conservative candidates, Messrs. Kennard and Powys, have completed their canvass, and are confident of success.

NORTHUMBERLAND (NORTH).—Lord Osluton, about to be made a Peer, retires. Sir Matthew Ridley has offered himself as a Tory.

NOTTINGHAM.—The Tories have found a candidate in Mr. T. Bromley, so that there will be a contest. This increases the small chances of Mr. Ernest Jones.

OLDHAM.—Mr. Cobbett having voted against Lord John Russell's resolution, is to be ousted, if possible. His opponent is Mr. Hibbert, Liberal. Mr. Fox will probably be returned.

PETERBOROUGH.—Mr. Hankey (the present member) and Mr. Wilde are the nominees of the Whig party, and Mr. Wingfield and Mr. G. H. Whalley are the other candidates.

POSTLEFORD.—Mr. Woolf has withdrawn.

PRESTON.—Mr. Talbot Clifton, of Leytham Hall, contests this borough in the Conservative interest.

REIGATE.—Mr. Torrens M'Cullagh has retired.

RIPON.—Mr. A. B. Richards has come forward here.

ROCHDALE.—Sir A. Ramsay has resigned.

SCARBOROUGH.—The Hon. Cecil Duncanson has retired.

SOUTHAMPTON.—There will be a contest after all. Mr. W. Digby Seymour has addressed the electors.

STAFFORD.—Mr. Alderman Sidney is one of the candidates.

STOKE-UPON-TRENT.—Alderman Copeland, who had retired, has again come forward.

SUFFOLK.—In the Western division of this county Captain Bennet has retired; making way for Major Parkes. In the Eastern division Colonel Adair, Liberal, is a candidate, in opposition to Lord Henniker and Sir Fitzroy Kelly.

SUNDERLAND.—Driven from Tynemouth by the shipowners, Mr. Lindsay has gone to Sunderland. He aims at the seat held by Mr. George Hudson.

TETTER.—Mr. Murchison has retired from the field.

WALLINGFORD.—Mr. Edward Augustus Freeman solicits Liberal suffrages, in opposition to Mr. Mallins, Q.C.

WESTMINSTER.—During the last few days a requisition has been going the round of Westminster, inviting Mr. Thomas Wakley, the coroner, to come forward as a candidate.

IRELAND.

CARRICKFERGUS.—Mr. Robert Torrens, nephew of Judge Torrens, is a candidate.

CARLISLE.—Mr. Hughes, ex-Solicitor-General, Mr. Hemphill, and Mr. Vincent Scully, are candidates here.

CORK (CITY).—Mr. Tristram Kennedy, Mr. Vincent Scully, and Sergeant Deasy are candidates.

ENNISKILLEN.—Mr. Paul Dane and Mr. Cole, both "True Blues of the 1688 brand," are opposing candidates.

GALWAY.—In the county the Tories have put up Lord Dunlop, son of Lord Clanricthy. In the borough Colonel French is the opponent of Mr. Lever and Lord Dunlin.

KILDARE (CITY).—A new candidate has appeared for the representation of this county in the person of Mr. Browne, late proprietor of Clongowes Wood.

KING'S COUNTY.—Mr. P. Creagh has addressed the electors on "independent opposition principles."

MALLOW (BOROUGH).—Mr. R. Longfield disputes this borough with Sir Denham Norreys.

MONAGHAN (COUNTY).—Mr. Leslie French has retired.

QUEEN'S COUNTY.—The Tories are going to start Colonel Dunne. The Liberals Mr. Cantwell and Mr. Michael Dunne.

SLIGO (CITY).—Mr. Freston, Liberal, comes forward. Mr. Somers and Mr. Wynne are his opponents.

SLIGO (COUNTY).—Mr. Cooper of Markree retires; Mr. Charles Cooper of Cooper's Hill is put forward with Sir Robert Booth.

WATERFORD (CITY).—New candidates, Sir W. Barron and Mr. John Ball.

WATERFORD (COUNTY).—There is a fresh Conservative candidate, the Hon. Mr. Talbot, son of the Earl of Shrewsbury, and nephew of the Marquis of Waterford.

SCOTLAND.

It does not appear at present that there will be many contests in Scotland. Fife county will be contested by Mr. Wemyss, Liberal, and Lord Loughborough, Tory. Kirkcaldy Burghs are wooed by Mr. William Harcourt, a so-called Liberal, of Tory connections. His opponent is Colonel Ferguson. At Leith, Mr. Macfie and Mr. Miller fight for the seat given up by Mr. Moncrieff. In St. Andrews, Major Lloyd Lindsay seeks to unseat Mr. Ellice. Captain Walker is to try and oust Mr. Ewart at Dumfries. Lord John Hay retires from the representation of the Wick Burghs, and Mr. Samuel Laing is once more a candidate. Foreseeing the probable consequences of the West Riding election, Mr. Stuart Wortley reserves Buteshire as a place of refuge in case of defeat.

THE JURY IN THE RAMSGATE CASE have returned a verdict, "That the deceased man died of a wound in his left breast; but by whom inflicted there was not sufficient evidence to show."

LORD DERBY AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress, according to time-honoured custom, gave a dinner in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House on Monday. The company included the Earl of Derby and other members of her Majesty's Government, and, as will be seen, the noble Premier took occasion, in returning thanks for the health of the Ministry, to allude to the present troubled aspect of European affairs. Among the guests were his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who responded to the toast the "Army and Navy." In the course of his remarks he said:—

"At the present moment we, as a nation, thank God, are in the enjoyment of profound peace. It would ill become me, in the presence of so many to whom the country naturally looks for important statements on these matters, to allude to what is passing on the continent of Europe. This I will only venture to say, that the feelings of this country are decidedly the most peaceful, and the great object which England, and I think, many of the other countries of Europe, have in view is peace. Although that is the sentiment which this nation entertains, I am at the same time persuaded that we all wish to occupy that place in the scale of nations which would make the power and the interests of England felt whatever war might happen. Every Englishman, I am convinced, wishes to see both the army and the navy in such a position, that, should England be called upon to act, she might be able to do so with vigour and effect. I believe, therefore, that the best hope of peace for the country lies in being in such a state of preparation, that whatever may occur, the greatness of this empire will in respect be weakened, but maintained unimpaired, not in Europe alone, but throughout the world. I trust that the army is at this moment in such a position as to be ready for any duty which it might be called upon to perform. I may be permitted to say that no exertions have been spared on my part to uphold the efficiency of the army, and that those exertions have been most ably and zealously seconded by the present as well as by all the Governments with which I have had the honour to act."

Sir John Pakington has also something to say on the same subject, in replying for the navy:—

"There cannot be a man in this crowded hall, or in the country, who does not earnestly hope—I may say who does not earnestly pray—that the peace of the world may be preserved. There cannot be a man who does not pray that, if the horrors of war are to befall Europe, England, at least, may be able to maintain a dignified neutrality. I am sure the feeling must be equally unanimous, that, if our neutrality is to be respected, if our power is to be felt, it is indispensably necessary that we should be in a position to assert that power, and that, above all, our navy should be able to defend our national interests. Her Majesty's Government have not been unmindful of these considerations, and if war should unfortunately arise in Europe, it will be found that in the Mediterranean and in the English Channel there will be squadrons powerful enough to uphold the dignity and protect the interests of England. The gallant officers of the British navy are now, I am sure, as ready as they ever were to discharge their duty, and there never was a period when the officers and crews of our ships were better prepared, or more anxious to perform that service to their country in which they had never failed."

But the speech of the evening was of course that of Lord Derby. He made a long reply to the toast—"Her Majesty's Ministers." He said:—

"If I abstain from saying a single word on those political questions which touch our domestic institutions and our internal arrangements, I do so because upon them I am conscious that I must excite considerable diversity of opinion. Yet there is a topic to which even here, where politics properly so called are rightly and justly banished, to which I feel it necessary to allude. . . . The illustrious Duke, the Commander-in-Chief, and my Right Hon. Friend the First Lord of the Admiralty, who spoke on behalf of those distinguished services which have conferred imperishable glory on the name of England, have both referred, in terms which I am sure will meet the approval of every Englishman, to the anxious desire of this country to maintain for herself, and, if possible, for the world at large, the continued blessings of a general peace. To that end the labours and the anxieties of her Majesty's Government have been, and I will, even at this eleventh hour, say still are, directed with the most intense solicitude. I would to God that I could assure you, my Lord, that at this moment I saw a fair and a reasonable prospect that the peace of the world would be permanently maintained. All I can say is this, that I have not lost every spark of hope that the flame may still be prevented from breaking out, and all I can assure you is, that day by day, and night by night—indeed, almost hour by hour, our efforts are unceasing to avert, if it be yet possible, that dreadful scourge, a European war. From the first moment at which it appeared that serious subjects of difference, likely to lead to important results, existed between France and Austria, the endeavours of her Majesty's Government, as a friend of both parties, have been unremitting to bring them to a good understanding, to ascertain what the points of difference were, and to reconcile them when ascertained."

The Earl then recapitulated the efforts made by Lord Cowley to settle the difficulty, and the action of Russia in proposing a Congress:—

"I will not weary this company by entering upon a discussion of the various difficulties raised, sometimes from the one side and sometimes from the other, which have prevented up to the present moment, and will prevent, the meeting of that Congress. All I can say is, that on the part of England we have endeavoured studiously to maintain the strictest and most absolute impartiality between the two parties. When we felt that Austria was putting an undue pressure upon Sardinia, we have resisted the pretensions of Austria. When we felt that Sardinia was making claims to which she was not entitled, we have refused to admit those claims of Sardinia. And on the one side and on the other, not considering whether Austria was a great and Sardinia a small Power, but recollecting that they were both of them independent States, entitled to full consideration, we have given them the benefit of the strictest impartiality and the best advice we could offer, and that advice, I need not say, has been given throughout in the interests of peace and humanity, and for the welfare of Europe. I should be most unjust to foreign countries, none of whose representatives I see now in this hall, if I did not take this opportunity of saying how cordially, faithfully, and loyally we have been supported by Prussia throughout the whole of these negotiations. Prussia has occupied a position of peculiar difficulty, because, on the one hand, she had many close connections with Austria, and more especially with Germany as a whole. She had obligations to the German Confederation, which in her position as a member of that confederation she was not entitled nor disposed to undervalue or overlook; but while she has studiously maintained the obligations which she owes to the German Confederation, if war should unhappily spread beyond the limits of Italy, she has, on the other hand, most wisely and judiciously abstained from placing herself in that position as a German partisan which should disqualify her from acting as an impartial mediator between the two great contending parties. Such has been the course which we have pursued, and I wish I could say the difficulties—not the difficulties of making the arrangements, but the difficulties of obtaining a meeting of the great Powers upon satisfactory terms—had been overcome by the efforts of this country. I am compelled to state that they have failed. I am compelled to say that England has felt that the time is come when she can no longer afford to trifle with negotiations which were leading to no result, and the continuation of which would only be inconsistent with her dignity and her honour, while it would be of no real service to the cause of peace. One last effort, which I announced our intention of making, we have made, to bring the contending parties to an understanding as to the terms on which they might meet in Congress. I regret to say that Austria has rejected the offer of those terms. I regret to say, still more, that almost simultaneously with the rejection of that offer of England, Austria has felt it necessary to send to Sardinia a peremptory message demanding her immediate disarmament, under the threat of war, within the space of three days. I do not wish to express any opinion upon the merits of one or other of the conflicting causes which are before the great tribunal of Europe; but this I must say, and that with deep regret, that in adopting that course Austria has taken upon herself—if, indeed, she still acts upon her menace—that fearful responsibility which attaches to that country which first deserts the peaceful ways of diplomacy and subjects the question in dispute to the terrible arbitrament of the sword. My Lord, we had not known for twelve hours the course which Austria had determined upon taking before we instructed our Minister, in the name of England, emphatically and formally to protest against the step of Austria. It may be that that protest has been unavailing; it may be that the horrors of war are already, or are about to be to-morrow morning, invoked. I do not say that Austria had no cause for complaint. On the contrary, I am bound to say I think that by her aggressive and propagandist tone Sardinia has deprived herself of a great deal of that moral support which the sympathy of England would give to the free institutions which she has so nobly maintained. But I do say this, that there was nothing in the state of affairs at the moment to discourage—indeed, there was everything to lead to—the hope of a successful issue to the negotiations. There was nothing, in my judgment, to justify the hasty, the precipitate, and, because involving the horrors of war, the criminal step which has been taken by Austria. What the consequences of that step may be, no human foresight can tell; but, whatever they may be, Austria has brought them upon herself, however lamentable they may prove to her. I do not hesitate to say that within the last twelve hours we have attempted yet one last measure, in the hope of averting the calamities of war. The Congress has failed. The possibility of the united efforts of Europe has failed; but

we have, at the last hour, and on this very day, despatched to Vienna and to Paris a joint representation, offering to take up, on the part of England alone, the mediation at the point at which it was left by Lord Palmerston, and to endeavour to arrange the differences between the two great Powers in dispute, subject to one of these two conditions—either an immediate, absolute, and simultaneous disarmament of the three Powers, France, Austria, and Sardinia, or a consent on the part of all the three, pending the result of the mediation, to retain their armies precisely in their present condition, and to maintain a position, if not of peace, at all events of inaction. I have now stated to you, as openly as I feel it my duty to do in the present anxious position of public affairs, the course which her Majesty's Government have pursued. It remains for me only, with your permission, to state the course which we intend to pursue; and I do this the rather because I perceive that words which fell from me have been misinterpreted, for I am sure they would not be misrepresented by a Noble Lord who has long had the distinguished honour of sitting as one of the representatives of this great city, and whose every word falls with the weight and influence due to his position and character. That Noble Lord supposes me to have said that I thought it the duty of England to maintain a posture of armed neutrality in order that we might take the part of whichever of the belligerents we believed was in the right, and he adds that, from the manifest partiality which we have shown for Austria, there can be no doubt on which side we are prepared to draw the sword. Now, I take the liberty to say here emphatically, and publicly, that nothing could have been further from our view. What I did say was this—that we intended to maintain a strict neutrality; but that when a million or more of men were in arms, when the contest was already engaged in, when war was not only imminent, but in actual existence, and that moreover, in Italy and upon the shores of the Mediterranean, it was imminent upon and absolutely necessary for us, looking to the great interests we have involved there, looking to our great possessions and the military positions we occupy in that quarter, that we should be in such a state as to maintain and defend the security of those possessions and preserve the British flag and British arms from the possibility of insult amid any of the contingencies which might arise in the contest. So far from wishing to join either of the belligerents, I went on to say that our armed neutrality ought to be for the purpose of giving us liberty to use the influence—God forbid that I should have to add the arms—of England in such a manner and in such a cause as we might consider to be called for under the circumstances of the time by the interests, the honour, and the dignity of our country. I repeat that our anxious desire is to maintain peace for ourselves. But I go further, and say that, even if the sword should be drawn, if unhappily war should break out, England will maintain a watchful and an observant attitude—observant, not for the purpose of benefiting by the weakness or the calamities of others, but for the purpose of discovering the slightest gleam of light that should break forth amid the gloom of war, and should disclose a reasonable probability of the dispersion of the clouds, and afford a ground or opportunity for the interposition of the pacific influence of England. My Lord, I really know not how to apologise for detaining you so long on an occasion like the present, but in the present state of public affairs, charged as I am with the fearful responsibility which attaches to a Minister of this great country in these anxious times, I am earnestly desirous that between me and the British public there should be no secret as to the course which the Government have adopted or the position in which they have stood—no secret as to the counsels by which they intend to be guided; and I greatly mistake the character of my countrymen if, in pursuing a determined, and at the same time peaceful policy, and laying our every political thought and feeling open to the knowledge of the public, we shall not secure the amount of confidence and support which is essential to every minister, and the possession of which is the greatest and highest reward for the anxieties and toils to which he is exposed."

LORD JOHN RUSSELL ON THE WAR CRISIS.

At an election meeting held at the Albion Hall, City, on Monday, Lord John Russell supplemented a repetition of his views on the subject of Reform, with his views on the present state of Europe, and the position we ought to hold in relation to the belligerent parties. He said:—

"It was, perhaps, difficult to say who was in the right. Austria had, however, according to all accounts, shown herself determined to strike the first blow; so that if Austria was not undoubtedly in the wrong, she ought to have exhausted every means to secure peace before she resorted to arms. But, unfortunately, though the wishes of the Italian people to have a good government and to obtain freedom instead of servitude were worthy of all admiration, yet there were mixed with those wishes views of aggrandisement on the part of the different Powers which prevented sympathy on the part of those who stood in a different position. Nothing could excuse France and Sardinia for going to arms. Now, what was the part which this country should pursue? On this subject he would quote a very high authority, no less than that of the present First Lord of the Treasury. The words which the Earl of Derby was reported to have said on the 18th of this month were these:—"England is deeply interested in the maintenance of peace. She is prepared to make almost any sacrifice for that object; but in the interest of peace she cannot assume a position which would place her in a helpless and defenceless condition, and if war breaks out, whatever be the consequences, our neutrality, as long as it may last, must to a certain extent be an armed neutrality, enabling us to take our part on that side, whichever it may be, which the honour, the interests, and the dignity of the country may indicate as best deserving our support." Now, that England ought not to be left in a helpless and defenceless condition he entirely agreed. That the past and present government believed this country to be in a hopeless condition he did not deny. He believed she was so; but he believed that our navy and militia were not in so good a condition as could be wished. Nevertheless, that this country was able to defend herself he entirely believed. He believed that that was well known, and that no enemy would venture, or was prepared, to attack us. But then Lord Derby said our position must be to a certain extent an armed neutrality, but there was a great difference between an armed neutrality and the country being in a state of efficient defence. By an armed neutrality a country signified that she meant to take part with one side or the other. The armed neutrality on the part of Russia was meant to be offensive to this country, and we sent Nelson to put an end to it. He thought our position ought to be one of fair and honest neutrality—that we should be prepared at all times for an attack, but we should not take part with either of those great Powers who were going to war. Was it right that England should enter into this struggle? It was impossible not to remember what had been said by the leaders of the so-called Conservative party in the House of Lords and in the House of Commons; and it was equally impossible not to see that their affections were in favour of Austria, and against those who were opposed to her policy. They held up the Neapolitan Government almost with admiration, and they disapproved the efforts of the Italian people. Therefore, if we should say we should take part in the war, they would be a party in favour of Austria. If that were the case, and we took part with Austria, it must be remembered that Austria, with the progress of forty years, had exerted that power, not in governing those dominions which she had acquired by conquest and treaty as she ought, but she had extended to every part of Italy her influence, and that was the influence of a despotic government and a benighted policy. Would that be a fit course for this free country to pursue? Was that a course which the people of England would tolerate? Was it to be supposed we should send our fleets and armies to assist in the oppression of 20,000,000 people? He contended that we were not bound by considerations of honour, or interest, or dignity, to take part in the approaching struggle."

MR. BRIGHT'S PEACE POLICY.

MR. BRIGHT has been very busy at Birmingham for several days past. On Saturday and on Monday he harangued the electors, chiefly of course on the question of reform (to which he contributed nothing new), but also on the war question, and that with considerable emphasis. We find the following passages in his speeches:—

"On this very day (Monday)—this day of almost universal holiday in England, this day when, with us, men, women, and families are accustomed to be more than ordinarily at their ease—on this very day possibly may commence a contest in the south of Europe, the duration of which and the result of which are as much hidden from our view as are the real causes which have provoked it. On the face of it the contest is to determine whether the despotism of Austria or the despotism of France shall exert the greatest influence in the Italian states. For us, for every man, such a contest must have intense interest. States will be overturned, the political position of states will be changed, men's lives will be sacrificed, homes will be destroyed, terror and agony will march through the length and breadth of the Italian peninsula. But we live in these islands surrounded by the salt water. We have no fear that anybody from Italy, or that anybody from Austria, or from France, will make any assault on these shores. If they do, the same power which in past times has preserved the independence and security of these realms is competent still to defend them. What I ask you to beware of is this: lest your rulers of 1859 pursue the same course as your rulers of 1793. Do not suppose that because I found myself opposed to a large amount of public opinion on the question of the Russian war—that because I was insulted and defamed—that because every wretched scribe who earned his bread by writing newspaper articles, and whose conscience was not the guide

of his conduct, that because every man of that class thought I was a fit object for his jeers, and for his calumnies, and for his hisses for three years together; that because I suffered the loss, whatever that may be estimated at, of the representation of one of the first constituencies in the kingdom, I have ever regretted the position I then took. Let it be fairly understood that I am committed irrevocably, so far as I have any influence, to the entire abstention of England from any meddling whatsoever. I can remain in the House of Commons—I can do my duty with such energy and capacity as have been bestowed upon me; or I can leave the House of Commons—I can return to my own domestic enjoyment, and to what were at one time my commercial and manufacturing pursuits; but there is one thing I cannot do, and that is, to sit tamely by and see intriguing place-holders or intriguing place-hunters gradually, bit by bit, by plunders here, by tricks there, by crime yonder, step, drift, slide, as it were, into the terrible abyss which yawns below us. I value the blood, I value the sweat, I value the comfort, the lives, the homes, the happiness of the people of this country. Never for one single moment, at the behests of power or at the call of popular clamour, shall any man be able to charge me with being accessory to a policy which should sacrifice the happiness of the common people on the altar of sanguinary war."

In another speech Mr. Bright said that the minister who should send abroad a single English soldier or employ one single English ship in the contest, to squander English treasure or shed English blood, would be a traitor to his country.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 97.

PARLIAMENT is dissolved; and while we are writing, not a soul in her Majesty's dominions has the right to append M.P. to his name. But the writs are out; many of them are already proclaimed; and before the week expires, many new M.P.'s will have been created. Meanwhile, let us say a few words about dissolution, prorogation, the powers of the Crown, and other matters.

POWER OF THE CROWN.—IN THEORY.

To dissolve Parliament is the prerogative of the Crown, and the Sovereign used to dissolve Parliament in person from the throne in the House of Peers, but the practice has become obsolete. On the 10th of August, 1818, the Prince Regent dissolved Parliament in person, but ever since then it has been the custom to dissolve it by proclamation. But though the Sovereign never now dissolves Parliament *à la royale*, a form of words has been used, in two instances, which is not very dissimilar to a *à la royale* dissolution. For instance, in 1831, William IV. said, "I come to meet you for the purpose of proroguing Parliament, with a view to an immediate dissolution." And nearly the same words were put into the mouth of her Majesty by Lord Palmerston in 1857.

IN FACT.

But though the Crown in theory has the exclusive right to dissolve Parliament—in fact, the Sovereign has but little or no power in the matter; for by the Sovereign we must understand here, as in many other cases, the Sovereign's ministers; and these ministers being responsible for all their acts and deeds, it follows, in fact, that it is the Parliament which really has the power. It is true, that so long as the Sovereign, through her ministers, does not exercise her prerogative wantonly or evidently with an unconstitutional purpose, it is not likely that Parliament will interfere by the exercise of its power—but that it has the power, and could exercise it effectually, there can be no doubt; and there are several ways in which it could do this in a perfectly constitutional manner. For example, it might on this occasion have voted an address to the Crown, setting forth the impropriety of dissolving the Parliament at a time when a European war is imminent, &c., &c.; and if it had done this, her Majesty must have discharged her ministers, chosen others, and permitted Parliament to continue; or, failing this, Parliament might have refused to vote the necessary supplies for carrying on the Government, and then, whatever might have been the personal policy or wish of the Sovereign, she must have succumbed to the voice of the people expressed through Parliament.

WHEN PARLIAMENT DIES A NATURAL DEATH.

But though Parliament has the power which we have described, it cannot prolong its existence beyond the period of seven years. Like all things mortal, it must die when its time comes. Before the sixth of William and Mary, cap. 2, called the Triennial Act, there was no definite limit fixed to the duration of Parliament; but by that act the duration of Parliament was limited to three years, and from thence to the reign of George I. England had triennial parliaments, but in the first year of the reign of that monarch the life of Parliament was extended to seven years, and that is its natural life now. It rarely, however, attains to this venerable age, for some accident or other is sure to happen to cut short prematurely its existence. During the twenty-seven years which have passed since the Reform Bill became law, there have been seven parliaments; the average life of these has been under four years. In the case of the "demise of the Crown," or, in plainer words, the death of the Sovereign, Parliament must be dissolved. In such case the law is this: Immediately on the death of the Sovereign, Parliament, by 6 Anne, cap. 7, must, if sitting, proceed to act, and if adjourned or prorogued, must assemble immediately; and if there be no Parliament at the time, then, by 37 George III., cap. 127, the last preceding Parliament must assemble; but in no case can it exist longer than six months after the demise of the Crown.

HOW DISSOLVED.

When Parliament is dissolved, a Royal warrant is directed to the Lord Chancellor ordering him to make out and issue "writs." These writs are despatched to the sheriffs of counties, who on receipt thereof issue "precepts" to the returning officers of cities and boroughs, commanding them to proceed within eight days to elect their members. The returning officer, on receipt of the precept, issues a proclamation, and after three clear days from the date of the proclamation, the election takes place. In counties, the election must take place within sixteen days after the proclamation, but not before the tenth day.

PROROGATION.

It is also the prerogative of the Crown to prorogue Parliament, and to say when and where it shall meet again; and formerly there was no limit to this prerogative, but by the 6th and 7th William and Mary, cap. 2, it is enacted that henceforth Parliament shall be holden once in three years at least; but then there are sterner laws than acts of Parliament—laws which compel the Sovereign to convene Parliament every year. First, there is popular opinion, to which even monarchs now must bow; and, secondly, whereas Parliament never votes more at a time than one year's supplies, and never passes a Mutiny Act to last longer than a year, if the Sovereign were not to convene Parliament every year, the Government, at the year's end, would have no money, and neither army nor navy. In short, there would be no Government. And thus we see that all power rests ultimately in the Parliament—the Sovereign can do nothing, but by advice of her ministers; and her ministers are, for the advice they give and for all their acts and deeds, responsible to Parliament. Two hundred years ago, Sir Edward Coke said—"The power of Parliament is so transcendent and absolute that it cannot be confined, either for causes or persons, within any bounds;" but this saying of the old lawyer was more of a prophecy than a fact then. We have now, however, fulfilled the prediction.

PARLIAMENTARY CAREER OF POTTS.

ELECTED.

Well! "Parliament is dissolved!" Simple words, reader; but have you considered what they mean? what hopes blighted? what ambitious projects nipped in the bud? what lofty soarings checked? what dreams dispelled? Perhaps not. To help your meditations upon these words, take a case:—Potts in 1857 was living a quiet life in a London suburb—not rich, but well to do—out of business, but employing his time in reading, visiting, gardening, and doing the domestic and philanthropic at his quiet home and in the neighbourhood. He was a politician also, and, further, an acceptable lecturer at mechanics' institutes, and a popular speaker at local meetings. In an evil hour, he met with Sly the lawyer and election agent, who lived in the same street. They used occasionally to meet at the houses of friends; and one night, while a dissolution was toward, Sly said to his new friend, "I say, Potts, why don't you get into Parliament? You have no business; you speak well—I

should think you would like it." "The money?" "Oh, not much! Say £500; not more certainly, perhaps less." The bait took. That night Potts could not sleep. In the morning he sought out his friend. Further conferences were held, and it was agreed that Sly should look out for a borough, which was soon found, and when the dissolution came, Potts rushed down, and by dint of money, and spouting, and promising anything and everything, and by the help of the indefatigable Sly, the old Tory member was beaten, and Potts was returned. And in a few weeks, this late so quiet retired tradesman, who, two months ago, as little dreamed of being a member of Parliament as he thought of becoming Pope, walked into the House, and took the oath and his seat. For a time all was elation. Friends congratulated him, his wife was proud of him, and every morning, when the servant brought in his letters, addressed "Frederick Potts, Esq., M.P.," the eyes of the worthy couple sparkled with pride.

THE COST.

But there was a reverse of the medal, as Potts soon found. On one side there was Frederick Potts, M.P.; on the other—the cost. The bill did not come in immediately, but Potts knew that the total would be more than £500, for nearly that sum had already been paid. At last it came with Mr. Sly's compliments, and the total cost was not five but fifteen hundred; and, *horribile dictu*, with the bill came a notice that a petition was lodged against his return. Alas, alas! what was to be done now? (Give up his seat, and bid a long farewell to all his new-born greatness? No! that was not to be thought of. He was in the full flush of honour, a long career seemed opening to him of fame, and, perhaps, (who knows?) of wealth. Others had achieved greatness in this way, why not he? He borrowed the money to pay the bill, he defended his seat with success, and borrowed another £2,000 to pay the cost of his defence. Three thousand pounds he now owed. When he thought of it he stood aghast. But still he was a member of Parliament—that fact remained, and he soon got used to the other. Meantime he would economise, and perhaps he might work himself into some profitable place. "Hope told a flattering tale," and for a time silenced remorse. His prospects of place, however, were soon dashed—for to get a place he must do one of two things: he must either bother the Government in debate, or support them; but, alas! Potts could do neither, for in trying to speak he utterly failed. The first time he broke down, the second he was coughed down. But still he was a member of Parliament. And as he walked through the sacred door and took his seat, or wandered in the handsome division lobbies, or lounged in the superb library, or took his weed and chatted with other members in the luxurious dawn, he forgot the cost, and for two years he lived in a sort of ecstasy—what we, readers, should call "a fool's paradise."

DISSOLUTION.

When, however, this reform began to come on, a change came over the spirit of his dream; for he was not slow to see a dissolution looming in the immediate future. But still he hoped. Who knows? perhaps the Government may win; and to secure that "consummation devoutly to be wished," notwithstanding remonstrances and threats from his constituents, he voted with the Government; but, as we all know, it was of no avail—the Government was defeated. On the following Monday the bolt fell: Parliament was to be dissolved; and then, and not till then, did Frederick Potts, Esq., M.P., awake from his dream. He could not seek reelection for two reasons: first, his constituents would not have him; and, secondly, he had no money. It is true, his friend Sly offered him another "opening," and promised to get him more money; but happily Potts was wide awake now; and, instead of embracing the offer, he looked his stick in Sly's trousers, to see, as he said, whether the foot was cloven, and then turned his back upon him with an *epique Stanzas*. In short, they had high words and parted—Sly threatening a writ, and Potts threatening a kick. And here ended the parliamentary career of Frederick Potts. On the day after the dissolution was announced, he took a final look of disgust at the House, and then left for ever—a sadder and a wiser man. Before that fatal night, when he first listened to the temptings of ambition, he owed not a farthing in the world; he now owes £3,000—three years of his moderate income. "But this is a fiction," the reader will say. No, reader, it is not; it is simple truth, though disguised. Nor is Mr. Potts's a singular case. On the contrary, we could tell of scores of very similar cases, and some much worse. We could tell of trace crippled, of estates mortgaged, of families reduced, and not a few entirely ruined. But take one which lately came to our knowledge:—About twelve years ago, an old gentleman, formerly a member of Parliament, died, and his sons, who knew that he had lived economically for many years, expected to find that he had invested a large sum; but instead thereof, they discovered that his deeds were at his bankers to secure no less a sum than £30,000, which he had borrowed to pay the expenses of successive contests, and which sum, in consequence of the heavy burden of interest, he had never been able to reduce. We have called this desire to become a senator the prompting of ambition; but it is not ambition that prompts—nothing so respectable as that: it is that most contemptible of all human passions—Vanity.

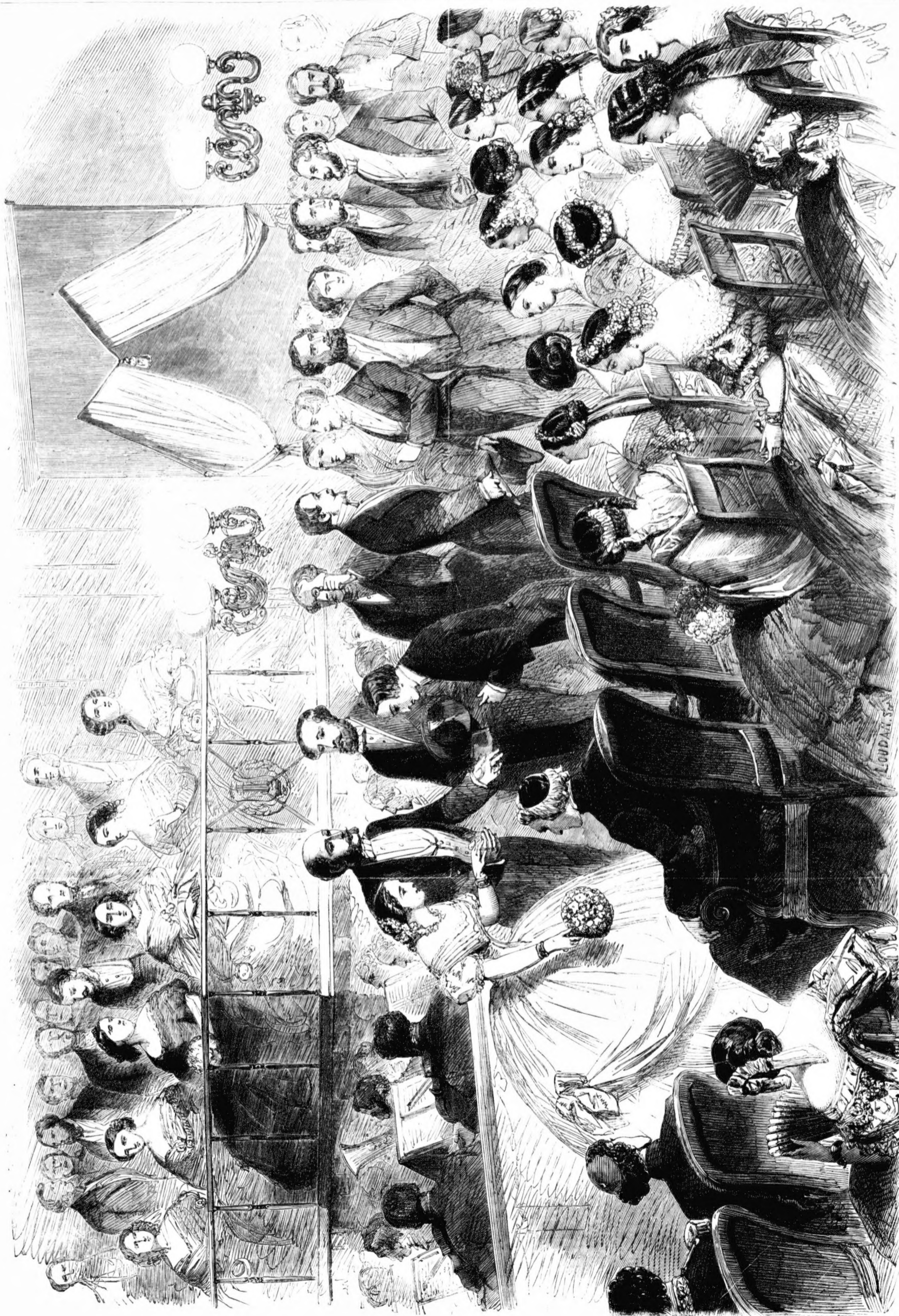
THE PRINCE OF WALES AT ROME.

"Our Prince," as the English in Rome call the Prince of Wales, is still engaged in performing all the duties of a tourist, going everywhere and seeing everything. He was present at St. Peter's, to witness the ceremonies of Palm Sunday, for instance. He arrived rather late, though, and left the cathedral before the commencement of mass, so as to be in time for the morning service at the English church. He was dressed as a colonel of the Guards and excited much interest. A few days previously, his Royal Highness paid a visit to the French embassy, but to compensate this attention, took care to be present at an assembly given by the Austrian ambassador the same evening. Our correspondent at Rome sends us a sketch representing the introduction of the lady of the French ambassador to the Prince of Wales, by Colonel Bruce. The presentation took place at an amateur concert given by the Philharmonic Academy of Rome, in the Palazzo Pamphili, when the music of Verdi's "Gerasalema" was performed before a very distinguished assembly.

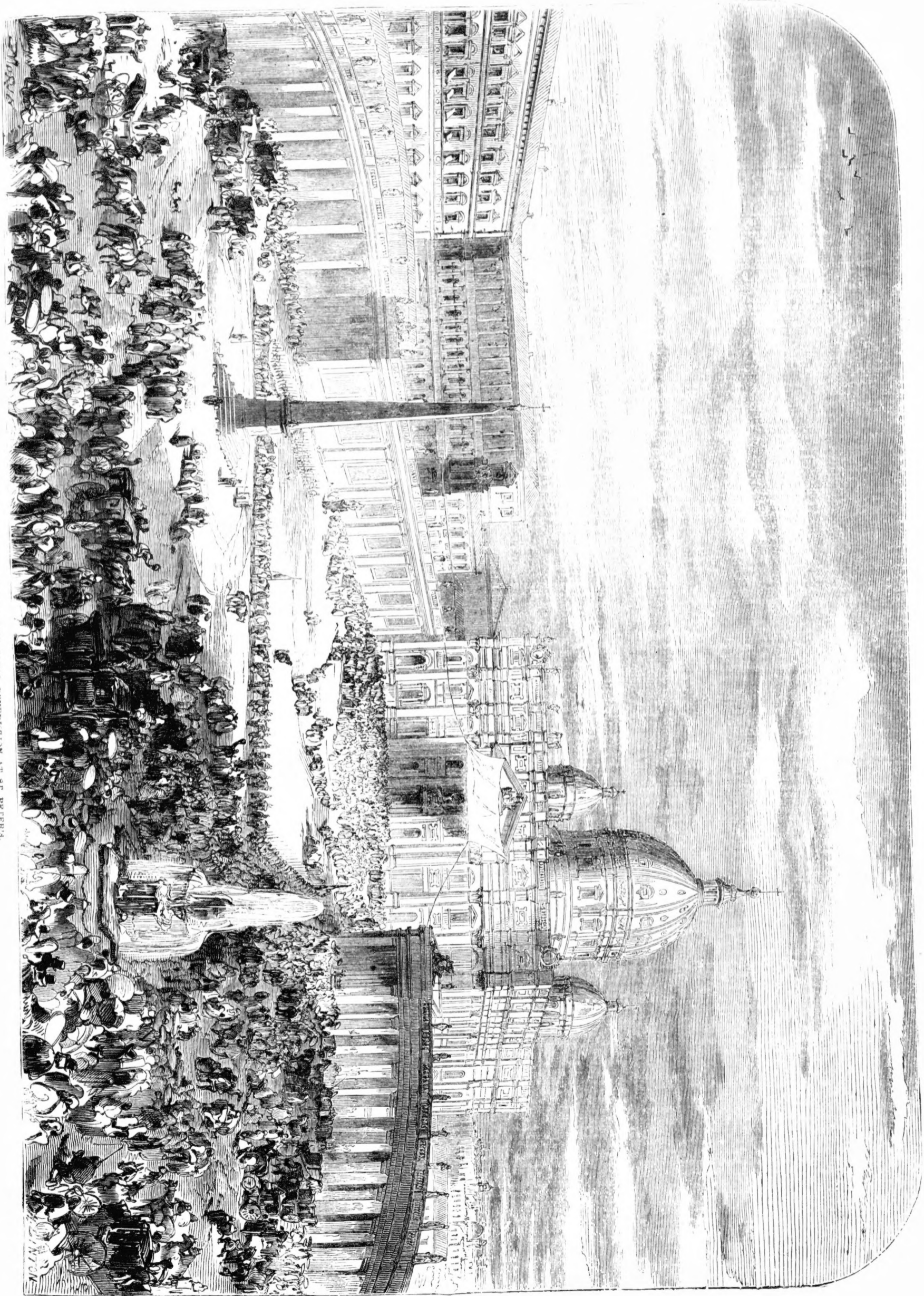
THE POPE BLESSING THE PEOPLE ON EASTER SUNDAY.

In our country, religious high-days and holidays have dwindled away to almost nothing. In Italy, where the religion of the people is occasional as to its influence and symbolic as to its character, a red-letter day means something tangible and vivid. Take Easter Sunday. As soon as the day really begins—that is, at sunrise—the guns from the batteries of St. Angelo wake the yet drowsy air, and the bells of three hundred and sixty-four churches make a joyful, or at least a well-meaning, noise. Already the space in front of the cathedral, with "the vast and wondrous dome, to which Diana's temple was a cell," is crowded with people. Where will they all stand? The question is imminent, for surging, murmuring thousands are pressing them close from the different avenues. But, see, there is the Pope on the balcony over the principal entrance. The drums beat, the people kneel, and then there is a dead silence, while "the successor of St. Peter" "blesses" the city and the people far below. And how many of them reflect that "except the Lord keep the city, they labour in vain that build it," or that bless it?

LORD SHAFTESBURY AND THE EUROPEAN CRISIS.—Lord Shaftesbury has spoken on the state of Europe, in the shape of a letter to a religious journal, intended, no doubt, to influence all whom it can influence in the present electoral struggle. Lord Shaftesbury is of opinion that the prayers of Englishmen should be presented in favour of Sardinia, and of course against Austria. The reason is because Austria is on the side of the Pope and Sardinia on the side of religious liberty. As to the question of justice, his Lordship does not seem to suppose that it need be entertained or suggested.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE LADY OF THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO THE PRINCE OF WALES, AT THE CONCERT OF THE PHILHARMONIC ACADEMY OF ROME.—(FROM A SKETCH BY MISS FRANCESCA FRIMMER.)



EASTER SUNDAY IN ROME: THE PAPAL BENDITION AT ST. PETER'S.

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TO ADVERTISERS.

On and after May 7, all advertisements in the "Illustrated Times" will be charged at the rate of 1s. 6d. per line, excepting in cases where contracts have been previously entered into.

* * * The next and subsequent numbers of the "Illustrated Times" will be printed by improved machinery, which will admit of its earlier Editions containing one day's later news.

ERRATUM.—The name of the place where the residence of General Giffard is situated, an engraving of which appeared in a recent number, should have been printed "Aux Cayes," and not "Aux Larges."

ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

THE ELECTIONS.

WE adhere to our opinion, that, on the whole, the new Parliament will be substantially like the old one. When we say this, we are not looking at things from the "whipper-in's," but from a broader view. It is possible enough, that the *personnel* of the House may be in some degree changed—chiefly by the operation of the boroughs. But when this happens, men of the same stamp as the last representatives will still be chosen. There will be no change in the character of the representation; no differences in the proportion of "ultras" selected on either side, for example; but we shall have a neutral-tinted kind of House again, ready to pass political compromises, if the leaders can personally agree. Whether such a change is worth a million of money or not, we do not know; but the country takes that feature of the affair very philosophically. Printers, publicans, attorneys, bill-stickers, and cabmen like it; fussy electors enjoy the feeling of consequence during canvassing-time; and thousands more never trouble their heads on the matter, unless it be for a little chat in a barber's shop. In a few weeks, we shall all be wondering what the excitement was about: only, there will be sufficient recollection of the disturbance to make the country very shy of another dissolution for some time.

The absence of novelty in the struggle extends to this feature, that scarce a single new man of any mark is in the field. Judge Halibuton, at Launceston, is an exception, and—if he be viewed as a probable representative of colonial ideas and interests—a desirable one. But, otherwise, the candidates are as like as toy-soldiers; big, local men in big boroughs; nominees in little ones; old squires, or young swells in counties; fogies, half-pay officers, &c., variously, according to their influence, in old-fashioned places. But we have no "crack" contests between eminent representative men, anywhere; and our statesmen come in, for the most part, for convenient snuggeries. The intellectual interest, properly so-called, makes no move; Thackeray or Helps are nowhere heard of; and even Cambridge, it seems, will not have Mr. Beresford Hope. Socially, it is a commonplace kind of contest, though we suspect that there will be some good stories brought out before the election-committees.

People will watch the smaller boroughs very carefully—not only for their own significance, but because the great constituencies supply so little political interest. In the metropolis, the contests have all been *personal*—a little more violent for that, no doubt, but otherwise uninteresting. In Finsbury, for example, the fight has been all conducted by personalities; and you might attend meeting after meeting, and never hear a word of politics! Peto has charged Cox with "smashing" his meetings; and Cox has charged Peto with neglecting his duties when in Parliament before. But our history and constitution have been as little treated of in that eminent borough, as if they were the history and constitution of ancient Rome. The pocket-borough owners, meanwhile, seem to have selected their Pitts and Foxes with very little discrimination. But the reason of this is very plain; it is not the interest of the borough owners to invite the competition of educated gentlemen of the middle class in Parliament. This is the secret of the affair, and will be one more agent in the doom of the said boroughs. The election of Mr. Lowe at Calne proves nothing in favour of the system. He had to win his spurs with a wider constituency before he could wear them in riding that of Lord Lansdowne's little borough. Now, under the old system panegyrised by Mr. Gladstone, it was precisely the other way. This a man so able must know; but acting against such knowledge is the price which a man of Mr. Gladstone's birth sometimes pays for being connected by marriage with a peer.

Considering the truly alarming aspect which foreign affairs have assumed since the Russo-French alliance was made public, we could wish an earlier meeting of Parliament than seems probable. And here the fact that our Parliament will be pretty like all Parliaments, is encouraging; for all Parliaments are at least English in sentiment, and at least truly represent that dogged determination to be ready to protect British honour and interests which is universal among the population. We say not a word against the national duty of neutrality while the struggle is only between rival continental Powers for purely continental objects; but when it comes to Turkey, the Mediterranean, and ourselves, we may have to fight for our old position in the world, and we ought to be ready even for the chance of such a thing. The sooner our domestic differences are healed, with such a prospect before us, the better.

AN ACT OF PARLIAMENT was passed in the late session, which received the Royal assent on Tuesday, to enable coroners in England to admit to bail persons charged with manslaughter.

DIVINE SERVICE IN THE ARMY.—The following is an account of the manner in which the sum of £3,000, voted last year on army estimates, under the head of Divine Service, was expended, namely:—14,431 Bibles, £565; 14,000 Prayer Books, £737; 1,008 Presbyterian Bibles, £87; 6,075 Douay (Popish) Bibles, £451; 700 Roman Catholic Prayer Books, £27; religious tracts, £10; and packing-cases and carriage of books, £96.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE COURT STAYS AT WINDSOR till next Tuesday, and goes to Osborne at the end of May. There will be a presentation in drawing-room shortly after the return of the Court to town, at which the Princess Alice is expected to be present.

ON EASTER-EVE, Bach's "Passions-Musik" was performed at Windsor Castle. Mr. Sims Reeves and Madame Weiss (vice Miss Pyne, ill) took the lead. The Queen and Prince were much gratified, and Dr. Bennett was complimented for his exertions in the cause of good music.

THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III. completed his 51st year, on the 20th of April.

THERE IS VERY LITTLE DOUBT (says the "Court Journal") but that the Emperor of Russia, and most probably the Empress also, will pay a visit to the Queen in June.

MAJOR-GENERAL HAVELOCK, the younger and only surviving brother of the renowned Havelock, of Lucknow, is a candidate for the Governorship of the Leeds Borough jail.

THE ONLY ERECTION ON THE ISLAND OF PERIM is a lighthouse, which is not yet finished. All endeavours to procure water upon it have failed, and but a scanty supply is procurable from the adjacent coasts. Water-tanks have been constructed, which are chiefly supplied from Aden, and it is proposed to erect reservoirs to collect the rain, as well as a condensing apparatus.

THE CONTRACT WITH SIR S. MORTON Peto for the Oporto Railway has been put to the vote, and has been rejected by the Cortes, as was expected.

THE SPANISH SENATE has voted a statue to Murillo.

THE FIRST THREE VOLUMES of a new "Life of Peter the Great," by Ussakoff, the Russian historian, have just appeared at St. Petersburg, and have produced a great sensation.

THE SHIP-BUILDING BUSINESS IN AMERICA is at a stand still. Such a stagnation in this branch of industry has not been known for many years.

THE HIGHLAND ESTATE OF FOYBLES has been purchased by an English gentleman for the sum of £47,000. The rental, we believe, is only about £1,000 a year, but the estate, with its celebrated waterfall, is almost unequalled in its picturesqueness.

IT IS REPORTED IN NAVAL CIRCLES AT PORTSMOUTH that the Channel fleet have put to sea under sealed orders—it is said for the Adriatic.

M. NIEPCE DE ST. VICTOR has communicated to the Academy of Sciences (Paris) a process for obtaining photographs of a red, green, violet, or blue colour.

THE DUCHESS OF BRABANT is again in an "interesting situation."

MARY JONES, the unfortunate young woman who was convicted at the late Kingston Assizes of the wilful murder of her child, by cutting its throat, and sentenced to death, has had her sentence commuted to penal servitude for life.

LORD STANLEY has positively declined to come forward as a candidate for the City of London.

IN VIRGINIA, a Mr. Barr and Miss Ripley have been married in the bedroom of the lady's father, over his corpse, he having inappositely died on the day fixed for the wedding, which took place at nine o'clock, three hours after his death. The bridegroom proposed a postponement, but the bride insisted on being married "right away."

A DISASTER HAS OVERTAKEN THE GREENLAND FLEET. In a severe gale on the 19th and 20th ult., the splendid steam steamer Empress of India was wrecked, and two or three other small steam vessels lost or disabled—the Alert of Peterhead and the Milinka of Fraserburgh were lost; the Kate Stowe and the Sophia of Aberdeen had their bowsprits carried away. No loss of life is reported, but that of property is great.

THE SHOEMAKERS' STRIKE at Nottingham is at an end, after having lasted fifteen weeks. 1,700 of the best workmen, however, have left on tramp. It all began from some houses introducing machinery for doing.

THE PLAGUE has disappeared from Benghazi, and much declined at Derna. A member of the Sanitary Commission, Dr. Gajowski, has died of fatigue. The sanitary cordon has been taken off at Mezia.

A PORTRAIT OF JOHN HUNTER, by Reynolds, has migrated from the College of Surgeons to the National Portrait Gallery. There will also be added a study of Nelson's head, taken by Finger, of Vienna, in 1800.

THERE IS A STRIKE AT RYABON COLLIERY, owing to some new plan of cleaning the coal before getting it out of the pit.

THOMAS BUTLER, stone-mason on tramp, lay in an outhouse of Mr. Smith's, Lion beer-shop, at Enfield, and, falling asleep, piped in mouth, set fire to the place. He is dead, and the building was not insured.

IN THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY at NEW YORK, a Mr. Rutherford has been given into the custody of the Sergeant-at-arms for calling his colleagues "thieving dogs," and urging them to "go to hell."

A DESCENDANT OF THE "MAN OF ROSS," Mrs. Collins, of Ross, has just been reported to death by a stag.

LAW PROCEEDINGS HAVE BEEN COMMENCED, to make Mr. Attorney-General Whiteside responsible for the challenging of Mr. McCaldar, the respectable Presbyterian juror who was set aside at the Secret Society trial as an atheist and a party man.

THE "SOUTH AFRICAN COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER" says:—"The idea of connecting Calcutta with London by an electric wire is about to be realised, a portion of the cable, 900 miles in length, having already reached Table Bay, and the remainder being at no great distance."

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL JOHN CLARKE, late of the 66th Regiment, an officer of high merit, and whose services embraced a lengthened period, including the war in the Peninsula to its close, from March, 1809, is just dead. This makes a vacancy among the Military Knights of Windsor.

A LADY, who was staying at an hotel in Liverpool a short time back, went with her footman and her nurse to the workhouse, and purchased a baby from its mother for £5.

THE "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES" contains an article on the Naval Arsenal at Cherbourg, from which it appears that the works have cost £7,611,000; and also that amidst all her political troubles France has, excepting during the Republic prior to the Consulate, steadily applied her finances to the completion of this great work.

AN AURORA BOREALIS, of great brilliancy, appeared at Southampton on Thursday night.

A LETTER FROM EPERNAY says that all the vineyards in Champagne are cut up by a sharp frost, and that less than one-eighth of a crop remains, which is itself in some danger. The injury has extended to the centre of France, south of Orleans; and the walnut and stone-fruit trees have also suffered severely.

LORD PALMERSTON'S PARLIAMENT was dissolved by proclamation in the "London Gazette" on Saturday last.

THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF HAS BEEN TO WOOLWICH, to witness the trial of a new method of lubricating the barrels of the army rifle proposed by Mr. Whitworth, who directed the trials, and got a verdict in his own favour. But a new carriage is under consideration, which is to redeem the reputation of the Enfield rifle.

AMONG THE PARIS ANNOUNCEMENTS OF NEW BOOKS is one which deserves particular attention—the hitherto unpublished Memoirs of the Duke de Luynes, giving curious details about the Court of Louis XV. Messrs. Firmin and Didot are to publish this work.

THE INAUGURATION OF THE "CHAMBERS' INSTITUTION" in Peebles, is fixed for the first week in August, and the building is said to be one of the finest things of the kind in Scotland.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD have decreed to appoint a teacher of Hindustani, to be elected for a term of five years on the 20th of June next. Candidates are required to send in their testimonials on or before the 18th of June.

THE FRENCH ORATOR-PORT of the South of France, the celebrated Jasmin, has been stirring Parisian audiences with recitations of the latest of his compositions, for the benefit of the female orphans of Notre Dame des Arts. With his ardent face and emotional manner, and a voice of perfect modulation, he compelled a large auditory at the Salle du Louvre to recognise his power with repeated bursts of enthusiasm.

MR. FERDINAND GLOVER, the vocalist, died suddenly on Saturday, at Hull, where he had been performing in connection with the other members of the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company.

EXPERIMENTS were made a few days ago on the Königsburg railway for the conveyance of a squadron of cuirassiers. An entire squadron could be conveyed in one train, from six to nine horses, carrying baggage, with the men required to watch over them, being placed in each horse wagon, and the soldiers in third-class carriages.

A CONVICT EFFECTED HIS ESCAPE from the Dartmoor Prisons a few days ago, but was hotly pursued over the Moor by the authorities. The fugitive was ultimately captured at Buckfastleigh, a distance of fourteen miles from the prisons.

DR. BETHELL, BISHOP OF BANGOR, died on Tuesday week. The see is worth £4,500 a-year, and Lord Derby has been memorialised to appoint some one who understands Welsh.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

ON running over the list of candidates published in the "Times" on Tuesday, I find there are about 230 men in the field in England and Wales who were not in last Parliament. In 1857 we had about 280 new members. It is quite impossible to foretell how many strange faces will appear in the new Parliament. Nor can I venture to prophesy upon the prospects of the candidates. The Conservatives take, hopefully, and reckon with confidence—in words—that they shall gain considerably. But the most sanguine do not profess to believe that they shall get a majority. The highest number that any in my hearing have expressed an expectation of getting is forty—that is, twenty taken from the Liberal side and added to the Conservative ranks. But if Lord Derby could not hope for more than this, he surely ought not to have dissolved. The strangest move that has been made is the starting of the Honourable Stuart Wortley for the West Riding. Mr. Wortley is the son of the late Lord Wharfedale. He was formerly a Conservative, then he became a Liberal, and resigned the Recorderhip of London to become Lord Palmerston's Solicitor-General, and now he contests the West Riding as a Conservative. Mr. Wortley is not considered to be rich, and why he should leave Buteshire and try such a desperate venture is incomprehensible. I see Mr. Auchmuty Glover is in the field again. This is the gentleman who got into trouble in 1857. Your readers will remember that he was tried and found guilty of asserting that he had a sufficient qualification when he had not, and suffered imprisonment. Mr. Glover and his family have always affirmed that he was wrongfully condemned—that, in short, his qualification was ample. It was mainly in consequence of the imprisonment of Mr. Glover that the property qualification was abolished. The House felt ashamed of the imprisonment of Mr. Glover—for he remembered that hundreds have gone into the House with false qualifications, but these qualifications having passed without question, they were never called upon to assert that they were real. I always had an impression that Mr. Glover thought he had sufficient property when he made the assertion, and for this reason: I know that there were members of his family who could and would have qualified him if he had applied to them; and it appeared to me that he certainly would have procured a safe qualification if he had not believed his own property sufficient. An arrangement, you see, has been made for Lambeth. This is the right thing to do. Mr. Doulton and Mr. Williams are both of the same political hue. Why should they fight a costly battle for nothing? Let Mr. Doulton return to his pottery and make a little more money, and when Mr. Williams finally retires from the scene, Mr. Doulton, Lambeth willing, can step into the great financier's shoes. Lord Stanley has declined the honour which was pressed upon him—I mean the honour of being a candidate, for I do not believe that he would have got the higher honour. His partisans say that he could if he would, but rely upon it he would if he could; and that the sole reason why he would not try was because he knew that he couldn't win. Mr. Baring, from the first, it was known by his friends, never meant to stand. Mr. Baring knows the City too well. A majority of the City magnates would have voted for Stanley and Baring, but it is not City magnates that carry City elections. But Mr. Haig—whoever that gentleman may be—is determined that Lord Stanley shall represent a metropolitan borough, if not the metropolis itself. On Wednesday, to everybody's surprise, Mr. Haig nominated my lord on Marylebone hustings, and demanded a poll!

I now turn to quite another subject. Did you observe in the papers a curious paragraph, informing the public that a church in Colchester had been shut up because it swarms with foul insects? When I saw this paragraph, I thought it could not be true, but, on inquiry, I find it is even so; and a very strange phenomenon it is. The church in question is St. Peter's, the principal church in the town. It has lately been entirely refitted inside, and scarcely had the congregation returned when the plague fell upon them. The wretched creatures which have committed this atrocious sacrilege are, I am told, as small as dust—numbered by myriads and myriads—and are so lively that fumigation by sulphur does not kill them, nor will they die in a bottle hermetically sealed. Whence they come is at present a mystery. Some say from the new wood, but that is hardly probable. Others aver that they creep from an old vault, which was broken into accidentally whilst the church was under repair. For a time the congregation hoped that the plague would be stayed, and held on, but they were disappointed, and at last they were obliged to evacuate and shut up the church. Just fancy—for I will not venture to describe in detail the effect of such a visitation upon 1,200 devout people, as they gradually became conscious of it—every soul in the place, from the parson to the Sunday scholars, clothed in a sort of "Nessus" shirt! Oh, horror of horrors! And yet there is a touch of the ludicrous about it too. What would Hogarth have made of such a scene? He has given us a laughing assembly, but an itching assembly he never dreamed of.

If there be any truth in the old proverb—"There is no smoke without fire," then assuredly there must be some truth in the report that Mr. Joseph Liggins, of Nuneaton, has some hand in the authorship of "Adam Bede." In addition to a letter from the Rev. H. Anders, who has already made himself prominent in connection with the case (which letter, by the way, was not given to me until a fortnight after its date), I have received a communication from a gentleman, giving his name and address, who says:—"I did not, when I read your paper a fortnight since, consider it worth while to write about the author of 'Adam Bede,' but seeing in your impression of this day still further talk, I purpose putting you in possession of facts which you can rely upon. The name of the writer is Liggins, and he resides at Nuneaton, Warwickshire; his father lived there before him, and the author himself may be reckoned with the poor genteel class, living upon the remains of a former small fortune. He is not a minister, a report which has been much spread. The town itself is small, and the circulating library could not afford to buy his work, so that at the request of my sister, who resides there, I forwarded copies which friends came forward and subscribed for, and it is proposed, after reading, to present them to the Young Men's Reading-room of the town." If this be not the *erat*, it is certainly the *crisis*; and Mr. George Eliot's letter to the "Times," in which Mr. Liggins's claim was denied with such curt asperity, need not have much weight, as it bore no address, and if false, could not easily have been detected. Messrs. Blackwood were the proper persons to move in the matter, which may now be left to settle down quietly, unless Mr. Liggins himself choose to take some notice of the free use of his name.

After long absence, and much illness and fatigue, Mr. William Russell is once more safe at home. He arrived at Marseilles on Tuesday, and was to start for England immediately on the expiration of the quarantine. He is safe, and one would be only too glad to add sound, but a fall from his horse while campaigning has brought on a lameness, which will prove, it is feared, incurable.

The squabbles of Mr. Liddell, the rector of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, and his parishioners, have just undergone their usual annual exhibition. The meeting for the election of a churchwarden is the favoured time for these lowering and disgraceful scenes, and the last has been as edifying as any former one. Mr. Liddell, after having nominated his own churchwarden, takes occasion publicly to protest against what he calls the cruel and unjust treatment to which the notorious Mr. Poole had been exposed, and expresses his abhorrence of the conduct of everybody engaged in that affair, including of course the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, by resigning his seat and quitting the meeting amidst a storm of hisses. Then Colonel Vereker makes a speech full of open abuse, which calls forth cheers and veiled insinuations which create what the reporters call "sensations," and Mr. Westerton, after a general *razzia* among all the St. Barnabas clergy, with a side-hit at the Bishop of London, and an anecdote or two of personal interest, begged to be excused serving as churchwarden, as he thought he could best attack the Tractarian party from an independent position. All this is very low and degrading, and has the most baneful effect; for while these stormy meetings are going on in Knightsbridge, the gentlemen who reside in the Oratory at Brompton, and of whom nothing is

ever made public, are working away steadily and silently, and proselytizing to an enormous extent.

Mr. Edward M. White, an accomplished journalist, whose name is known to most of your readers as the author of "The Stranger," "The Friend," and "The Friend in Bohemia," left England last week, and is now in America, thoroughly broken-hearted, and bowed down by depression almost unexampled in its severity.

Mr. Robert Knox, for many years editor of the "Morning Herald," and the "Edinburgh Review," is dead. On the accession of the present government to power, Mr. Knox received from Lord Melbourne the appointment of Registrar of the Mixed Commission at the Cape of Good Hope, a post which he held out for a short time, dying on the 1st month at his house in Cape Town.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGE.

PASTORAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

Yesterday's Easter weather—cold, bleak, wretched, dull, damp, and driving the holiday folks into the theatre, and crushing the proprietors of *of festive entertainments*.

Theatres full, very full. No change of bill at the Princess's or Olympia, both relying on existing attractions, and crowded nightly.

A very good baroque, by Mr. Frank Talford, at the Haymarket, called "Electra in a new Electric Light," abounding in crisp puns, and well acted by Mr. Compton, Mrs. Wilkins, Miss Weekes, and Miss Mrs. Mar a Fernan, who has recently joined the company.

At the Art Theatre, the revival of the "Serious Family," in which Mr. Webster has given up his original part, and now plays Captain Maguire; and a new extravaganza, "The Devil on Two Sticks," which sufficiently answers its purpose. All the company—Mr. Toole, Mr. Paul Bedford, Mr. C. J. Smith, Mrs. Mallon, Miss Mary Keeley, and Miss Kelly—live parts, but little opportunity for displaying their talents. However, the piece is very showy, and very prettily played upon the stage.

Literature.

Love me Little, Love me Long. By CHARLES READE, Author of "It is Never too Late to Mend," "White Lies," &c. London: Tinsford and Co.

"No one a quarter of a century ago," says the first sentence of the first chapter, "Lucy Fountain, a young lady of beauty and distinction, was, by the death of her mother, her sole surviving parent, left in the hands of her two trustees, Edward Fountain, Esq., of Font Abbey, and Mr. Bazalgette, a merchant, whose wife was Mrs. Fountain's half-sister. They agreed to lighten the burden by dividing it. She should be left with her mother's estate in turn, until marriage should liberate her hands." An exceedingly mild and invidious opening. Mr. Fountain and Mrs. Bazalgette were both possessed with the common idea that it was duty to "provide" happiness out-and-dried for the use of others, and they had their little plans for making Lucy happy in the very particular in which, of all others, they were most bound to mind their own business. Mr. Fountain revered ancestry and blood, and set up Mr. Talboys, Mrs. Bazalgette, a flirt and matchmaker of genius, set up Mr. Hardie, a young banker. The Upper Powers set up David Dodd, a bluff young sailor, and with the help of Lucy, and by means of several curious little special providences, carried their man to the winning-post, to the disgust of the knowing ones, and the gratification of the parties chiefly interested.

The story, such as it is, may be divided under three main heads: I. Lucy at Font Abbey. II. Lucy at old Bazalgette's. III. Lucy married and settled. Then, on one side, you have David Dodd and his splendid little sister and ally, Eve Dodd; and, on the other, in period the first, Fountain in *entente cordiale* with Talboys; and, in period the second, the Bazalgette in ditto with Hardie. Nor must we omit a *divinity e.e. machine* in the shape of Lucy's old nurse, evoked in proper time and place to take her part and set her back up against the whole crew of schemers and muffs. In all this will be seen more of the playwright than of the novelist proper.

Period First—At Font Abbey.—Talboys, egged on by old Fountain, is discovered making odiously tepid love to the sweetly unconscious baby Lucy. Enter David, rough and bluff and large—kind-hearted and brave and salt; with a fond sister and a violin; and, thriving yams, full of touches of nature, that make the whole world of Font Abbey kin, except Talboys, who is obdurate, and does not feel himself a man and a brother towards the lowly child of the ocean. Jealousies; marchings and counter-marchings; wonderful trap-doors of opportunity (*utterly* beneath the inventive powers of a man like Mr. Reade) open and close again. Old Fountain is suddenly called away to a funeral, to leave Lucy at large. An orphan boy is introduced at Font Abbey, on purpose to bring David thither frequently with excuse, and to show him off as a mathematician. David ingratiates himself with Fountain by the sailor-like plan of investigating at length some obscure old maps and parchments, and settling a pedigree. Enter Mrs. Bazalgette to invite Lucy, Talboys, and Fountain to her husband's house, also to flirt with David, and invite him too. At or about the parting, David discloses himself by the unsophisticated trouble of a fond young heart, and Lucy begins to wonder at his audacity.

Period Second—At Bazalgette's.—Hardie and Talboys both hnd at it; Lucy rather leaning to the young banker, especially as David makes himself funny on horseback, like a sailor—a striking novelty, Mr. Reade, never before witnessed, even at Asley's. But the violin and the manliness! David is caught by Lucy kissing the ground she had walked on, and being asked why he is grubbing on his knees in the dirt, states his reasons with manly simplicity, and pops the question, but is refused. Immediately afterwards, Lucy, going out in a boat with Talboys (who, being liable to sea-sickness, thinks he could propose neatly on the bounding billow), David follows their bark at the distance of half a mile, and a storm coming on, rescues both from a watery grave. *Here*, he then goes to join his ship, but is just too late, and is dismissed the Company's service, a ruined man. Hardie makes himself disgusting by showing Lucy her own tombstone and two imperfect epitaphs (done in a hurry, under the impression that she was drowned), and disappears. Talboys is in shadow, having been called "a weedy, useless lubber" by a rude tar at sea, in that opportune but fearful storm. Lucy is snubbed by her relatives, and elopes to her nurse's cottage; is there visited by David Dodd; makes him captain of the *Royal*, per intervention of old Bazalgette; is humiliated, agonised, and married. Joy-hells.

Period Third—Lucy at Home.—"Cool, honeyed breath in his hair," and hopes of a domestic character, thus physiologically set forth—

A MONTH AFTER MARRIAGE.

"One day, Lucy came to David for information. 'David, there is a singular change in me. It is since we came to London. I used to be a placid girl; now I am a fidget.'"

"'I don't see it, love.'"

"'No—how should you, dear? It always goes away when you come. Now, listen! When five o'clock comes near, I turn hot and restless, and I can't keep from the window; and if you are five minutes after your time, I can't keep from the window; and my nerves are so sensitive, and I cannot sit still, and it is very foolish. What does it mean? can you tell me?'"

"'Of course I can. I am just the same when people are unpunctual; it is reasonable, and nothing is so vexing. I ought to be—'"

"'Oh, David, what nonsense! it is not that. Could I ever be vexed with my David?'"

"'Well, then, there is Eve; we'll ask her.'"

"'If you dare, sir?' And Mrs. Dodd was earnest."

Mr. Reade has produced a very bad book, with great merits. What poor stuff the story is will be seen at a glance. There are numerous

* Placed over by the yellow fiend, Talboys publicly asks David *why* he comes and touches the lid geometry. David replies, with a sentiment worthy of the Victoria, that "an orphan finds a brother in every man worth his shoe-leather, ye lubber," and Lucy goes out in tears. Was this wretched subtlety worthy of David? Was not Lucy an orphan too?

small slovenlinesses, apart from the affectations. Twice, within short space, we are told that "rapid motion is agreeable to her sex;" and that "I've known what was in the man's blood;" the latter, so immediately repeated, that a prosaic reader suspects a taint of lunacy or a contagious disorder must be recent. The poet laureate is "Mr. Tennyson;" and how many more instances of carelessness we could produce, with a little pains, we dislike to think of. How could a man with a reputation for the splendid tenderness of a reputation—to lose, print such a book? In draping and posing his figures for minor situations—in subtle insinuations of the findings of the surface-currents of female character—rapid, even to the *bits* of moral insight into everyday life, and in the power of wholly telling a story, when he has one to tell—Mr. Reade is *truly* *prim* among easy-going novelists; but we do sincerely hope he will not disappoint the universal expectation of much, very much, better things from him than this irritating book. Let him be less pleasant and more stupid, and we shall know what to do, but this is too bad. We will only add that he has thrown away upon this crude story a fine chance, in Lucy Dodd, of elaborating those *pleasant* comedies of what he calls "instinct" and "self-deception" in the female mind. There is no doubt he sees plainly enough. If he had described a little more carefully, he would not have had so many dull people laughing at him. But, after all, let him do as Thackeray does with his women—repeat her in a higher phase. Let him subsume his Lucy Dodd, and paint her over again, and people will laugh on the other side in a way that will puzzle the latest "Theory of Tears and Laughter."

Clips of Parties, Past and Present; with Original Anecdotes. By DANIEL OWEN MADDYN, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Author of "The Age of Pitt and Fox," &c. London: Skeet.

This, which is scarcely a book to criticize, is a series of clever and allusive sketches of public men and public situations, from Pitt and Fox and their times down to Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Maddyn has no pretensions to being strong, suggestive, or philosophical; and he sufficiently discloses the real quality of his faculty, by adopting here and there the small mannerisms of sketchers in general. For instance, in speaking of Charles Fox on a visit to Mrs. Armistead, he writes: "Tossing himself on a sofa, he proceeded," &c. Now, no man of brains ever "tossed" himself anywhere (unless they were hurt, and he was in the padded room of an asylum), and no man of real writing powers ever dealt in such phraseology. For the rest, Mr. Maddyn is genial, kind, and given to gentlemanly constructions. He shows no decided moral bias, being professionally a literary showman, bound to make the most of his gallery of personages. Nor does he solve any problem about his characters. "Peril, the Great Ambiguity," as he calls him, is the Great Ambiguity still; and, after turning over these pleasant pages for hours, we do not suppose many readers of general information will feel their stock of knowledge greatly increased; while, in addition to Mr. Maddyn's "original" anecdotes, they will not fail to recognise some very old friends.

From "A Day with Pitt," we take one passage. Pitt has been to Adiscombe, to talk over public matters with Lord Hawkesbury, and now,

THE PREMIER GOES TO BED.

"So he proceeds to his bed-room earlier than had been anticipated by the household at Adiscombe. As he opens his chamber door, he sees there is some one in the room. It is a maid-servant arranging the toilet-table, and within ten minutes round of Crofton a prettier girl than Madge Blushes could not be found. Look at her trim spruce figure, with her neatly-made kirtle tucked up so nicely, and her pretty coquettish mob cap, surmounting a face for a May Queen. With her blooming cheeks, her sparkling eyes, and girlish glance, and with lips that might tempt an anchorite, she looks the very model from which George Morland painted. Sweet Madge! how that mantling blush becomes you as you find yourself alone with a youthful Prime Minister, flushed with wine! But your lips are safe from any rude caresses with those of the orator before you. Madge blushes still deeper as the great man addresses her with—'Stay! you must let me have—' and Madge thinks he is going to say something like what other young bachelors would say; but, lo! 'the only a 'tender-box' he wants, and Madge retires, saying to herself, 'that he's not such a great man after all, and if not John Thomas was only dressed up, he'd be a finer gentleman than he is; but thus it is; and, with an indifference worthy of Sir Isaac Newton, the statesman, unmoved by rustic beauty, goes to his couch. It wants ten minutes to eleven as he lays his head on his pillow, and before the clock has struck he is fast asleep, and enjoys most refreshing repose before the midnight hour has gone. And one, and two, and three, and four, are told from the turret clock, and still, with the calmness of a child, the tired statesman slumbers on."

"But, as the Kentish waggoner guides his wain towards Crofton, he can see a light in one of the upper rooms at Adiscombe. 'His scarcely half-past four; but Pitt is up and ransacking in one of the saddle-bags. He finds what he wants. He has the full report of the proceedings at the Convention in Parliament in 1688, and he has the written remarks on portions of it which he made his new Solicitor-General (Sir John Scott) note for him. According to his usual custom, he goes back to bed, to read and meditate, and prepare for the emergencies of the coming day."

Fox is perhaps better done than Pitt. He has been in the park, and now calls on his mistress, to dine, and prepare his speech for the Commons in the evening—though some people might prefer solitude, for the latter purpose, to the society of a charming woman:—

FOX WITH MRS. ARMISTEAD.

"And now the park is getting thin, and the gay charioteers turn homeward their bary steeds. Fox, too, is preparing to leave. He looks rather more grave than we could like. Could the apparition of Mrs. Fitzherbert have suggested unpleasant thoughts to him? Or does he want to shake off that boring Tom Steyne who wants to ride with him? Well, he is at last alone riding out through Cromer Gate, and he puts his horse to a canter, and is soon at his favourite sejour—the house of Mrs. Armistead. Ah! that name conjures up recollections of unlawful love. Yes! and of a love that cherished Fox as he was loved by none other in the world. Which of all his gay worldly companions, of all the friends that extolled his genius, would do as that woman, and risk life to secure the existence of the popular leader? Now she is his mistress, but the day will come when he will gratefully call her by the sacred name of wife, and give her his hand in marriage, as the only recompense in his power for risking her life as his nurse in a contagious manner that but for her would have proved mortal."

"She seems surprised to see him. She did not expect him for another hour. So much the better—he has something to read before dinner. Tossing himself on a sofa, he draws from his pocket a paper that we saw this morning. Yes! it is the 'E.L.' paper; and with knit brows he begins to apply himself to a disquisition from the pen of 'the greatest philosopher in action that the world ever saw.' So said Sir James Mackintosh, applying Burke's own definition of political science. 'It is the business of the speculative philosopher to mark the proper ends of government. It is the province of the statesman, who is the philosopher in action, to find means for these ends.'—('Thoughts on the Discontents.') This distinction has always been overlooked by the Benthamites and Radicals. Fox reads—admires, and learns from one who in the science of politics was his master. 'Well,' he mutters to himself, 'what genius and knowledge this good Edmund has! Yet the House of Commons prefers me to him, and Burke knows it, and by Jove the House is right! For where could a House of Commons be found to follow this profound reasoning, these soaring flights of fancy? Speeches, as I often say, are made to be spoken, and not to be read, as the House knows by instinct. Fox on his legs, and Burke upon paper—such is the right division of labour.' He masters the paper with rapid facility, tenaciously grasps its facts, and with intuitive logic sees the varieties of views which the speculative mind of Burke has suggested. Without a ruffle on his brow, he joyously announces that he has got his task ready for the Commons, joins his mistress at their quiet dinner, where she eagerly listens to her Charles eloquently thapsodizing about the merits of a marvellous new actress—one Mrs. Siddons—with a voice almost as grand as that of Mr. Pitt, and with a delivery unrivalled by the orators of any time. Well! while Fox is dining we shall see what the Commons are about, who are eagerly waiting for his appearance."

Then follows a sketch of the House, with Sheridan, Burke, Wilberforce, Dundas, and others. Pitt speaks, and here you have

FOX ON HIS LEGS.

"Well, Fox never can answer that display. You cry—'What a pity that he spent all his day sauntering about! And last night too, how he wasted it in the meads where Captain Morris sung his bacchanalian strains!' You think that Fox must break down, and you feel for him, as with heavy, lumbering air, he advances slowly towards the table, and fumbles awkwardly with his fingers. There he stands, amidst a dead silence of expectation. Look at his careless half-buttoned vest, his crumpled linen, his almost slovenly attire. What is he saying? We cannot hear him distinctly."

He seems quite confused, and his sentences are all entangled. Ah! he must fall, as his father before him did when "battling it out" with another Pitt. His voice, too, is dulled in its course and lanky sound from the soporific origin of his pined liver. His features, also, how commonplace—his whole air, how unmanly, as we contrast it with the stateliness of the last speaker. But how very still the House is! The Opposition do not seem dispirited, nor does the Treasury bench look prematurely elated. Both sides know by experience the nature of the man before them. His voice is becoming more clear, he has got rid of that unseemly obstruction to his utterance. We find that he is saying, in very plain and unaffected words, that the minister, though about an article, is, after all, very superficial in his views. How Charles Fox does not mean to deny that a case of apparent strength and of reason might be made by the minister. Well, he has the case—and we are surprised to find him resting his adversary's view. He does so with clearness, precision, and transparent simplicity of style. The case could not be put more strongly for the other side than Fox has put it. He exhibits attention and sympathy by the equality of his statement. "His last act," he has matched it, which did with Fox. Now then, he has the case fairly before the House—now then, in dispute is clearly seen. Had with what overabundant vehemence, what terrible impetuosity he avenges himself the contemptible sophistry of the case which he had recently just restated? He sounds its utter absurdity, and tends to pierce the whole argument. He analyses it, and refutes each part separately; he returns again and again to the main proposition, bringing away into ambiguous language, or skulking from a difficulty, the downright matter, and never discarding all suspicion of sophistry, and you can see that he is making havoc with the substance of Pitt's speech. Now, how he glows with a fervor he approaches apart of the question where humanity is concerned! He becomes more intense every moment. A new view of the whole question, not thought of before, is bursting upon the astonished House. The speaker's masculine sense is translating into parliamentary English the super-subtle and abstracted conclusions of the "E.L." paper. Vast prospects of great social good flash into the orator's mind, and he pours forth all his thoughts with the fiery impulsiveness of an enthusiast. His argument becomes impassioned; his reasoning blends with his emotion. This is the genuine logic—the Greek fire of heart-stirring eloquence—the tongue to plead for the injured and oppressed—to speak of human anguish. This is the man who would burn to break the shackles of the dusky tribes of Africa. Those near him see the tears bursting from his eyes, those far off hear the voice faltering with sympathy, and the genuine sensitivity of a strong mind has magic power over the sympathies. He is carrying the House with him; how he revels in his power! Completely carried away himself by his own enthusiasm, and by that which he had raised, his pulse at fever heat, and his heart knocking against his ribs, and a tempest of cheers he sinks back into his seat, exultant in the glory of stirring to the very depths the deep-living passions of the Commons of England!"

If we were writing from a higher point of view than we have taken for nothing these after-dinner sketches, we might cry Fudge! to a good deal of the above. But such fancy painting will always find people to like it, and there is much, very much, worse of the sort than Mr. Maddyn's.

CAMBERWELL PARK (late "Green") was opened on Tuesday to the public, and the school children sang the "Old Hundredth" and "God Save the Queen."

A JOINT-STOCK COMPANY is in the course of formation for the purpose of procuring a supply of tea from India.

THE COUNTESS WALEWSKI has come into possession of the very valuable diamonds which Rachel had received from the Count, they having formerly belonged to the noble English lady, his first wife. In grateful feeling for the adoption of her son into the family circle, either Rachel herself, by post out directions, or the Rachel family, have restored these costly brilliants to the present Countess.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WILLIAM FENWICK WILLIAMS, BART. (of Kars), K.C.B., is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in Canada.

THE ADVICES BY THE LAST MAIL from Adelaide bring intelligence of great discoveries of copper deposits in the northern districts of South Australia.

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS.—As the general election approaches we are furnished with some foundation upon which to form an estimate of the political character of the new Parliament. We assume as a general rule that wherever there will be a contest the parties are already in the field, and that the number of candidates who may make their appearance from this time forward will be about equalled by the withdrawals. We find, therefore, that the candidates either unopposed or opposed only by others of their own political party are as follows:—

	Liberals.	Tories.
England and Wales	183	162
Scotland	35	12
Ireland	40	34
Total	258	212

This makes a total of 470 members whose election, in the above political proportions, may be considered certain. In making this calculation, we set down a contest, where there are two Liberals and a Tory in the field, as resulting in one Liberal return. On the other hand, where two Tories and a Liberal are candidates, we put down one Tory vote certain, leaving the second seat to be counted among the 184 which are the objects of contest between Opposition and Ministerial candidates. We have gone very carefully through the circumstances calculated to throw light on these 184 contests, and making every allowance for the bribery and official corruption prevalent, we cannot anticipate that Lord Derby will succeed in more than 63 of these instances. Adding this to 212 seats certain, we make the Ministerial strength 273, or about 13 more than it was in the late Parliament. The Opposition would number 381, leaving Ministers in a minority of 108, with which they will have to carry on the government, and justify the serious step they have taken in this crisis.—Globe.

FATAL COLLISION IN STOKES BAY.—A collision took place in the afternoon of Thursday last, between Her Majesty's screw frigate Doris, Captain Edmund Heathcote, and a small sloop belonging to Christchurch, called the Lark. The sloop, it appeared, was manned by three hands, two men and a boy, all of whom were observed immediately after the occurrence struggling in the water; how they came there (whether they jumped in on finding a collision inevitable, or whether they were knocked overboard by the spars of their vessel) cannot be ascertained. Boats were as soon as possible launched, and the body of the boy only (whose name is unknown) was recovered. Captain Heathcote states that the Doris was running the measured mile in Stokes Bay, and was under his charge, the Government pilot (Mr. Jones) being on board. After having completed the fifth run the helm was put hard a-starboard to bring her round for the sixth turn. As the frigate was tying round the pilot drew his attention to a sloop on the port bow standing towards them. The pilot waved his hand to the m.n on board, and when they discovered the frigate's approach they put their helm down and shook their vessel in the wind. They afterwards apparently put the helm up and then down again. Seeing the sloop was in the act of tacking, Captain Heathcote caused the engines to be stopped immediately, but the ship had had great way on her and was flying through the water, as they were going at the rate of twelve miles an hour when the helm was first put down. The sloop passed underneath the ship's bowsprit, and the whisker of the latter carried her mast away. Every effort was made to rescue the men when they were observed in the water, but without effect. The frigate's course could not be altered so as to avoid a collision. The sloop, which is heavily coal laden, is now lying in Portsmouth harbour. Her taffrail is knocked away, and that appears to be the only damage she has sustained.

STUPENDOUS RAILWAY VIADUCT AT DEEPDALE, IN YORKSHIRE.

It is sometimes startling to find railway enterprise opening up reverend scenes of history, or places made romantic by being linked with song or fiction. We have a recent example of this at Deepdale—a beautiful wild glen, about two miles from Barnard Castle, part of the old Saxon ground of Friga's-dale or Fra-gill. Long ago Scott sung of Wilfred—

"Who loved the quiet joys that wake
By lonely stream and silent lake:
In Deepdale's solitude to lie,
Where all is cliff and copse and sky."

And further on, in enumerating the streams that are tributary to the Tees, he says:—

"The rural brook of Egleston,
And Balder named from Odin's son,
And Greta, to whose banks are long
We lead the lovers of the song:
And silver Lume from Skumme will I,
And fairy Thorsgill's murm'ring child,
And last—and least—but loveliest still,
Romantic Deepdale's slender rill."

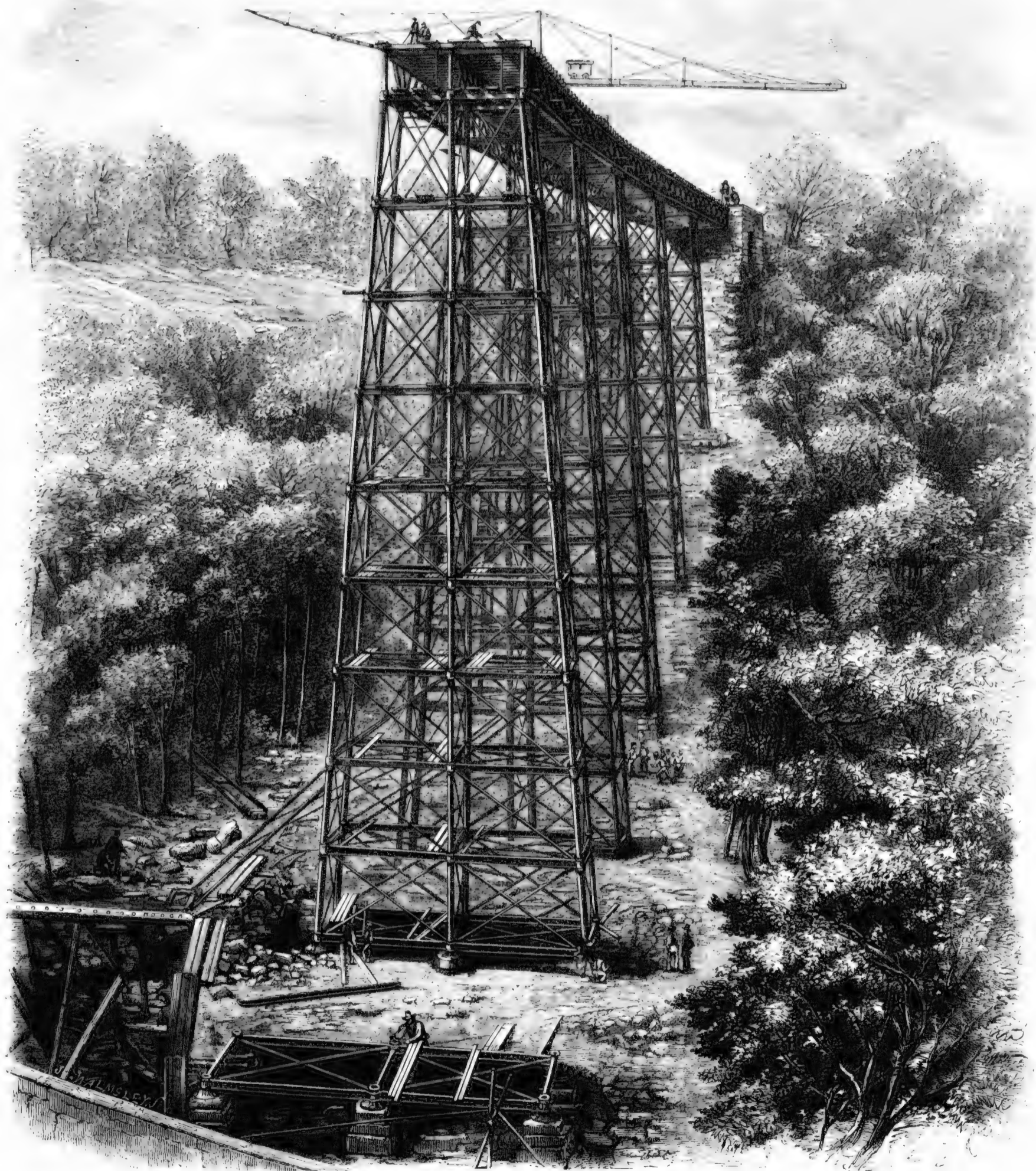
And now the lonely glen—the haunt of this still more lovely stream—is

to be spanned by iron arches, and will resound with the shrill scream of the engine whistle.

Many of our readers, who may not follow the various railway schemes that rise up from year to year and grow steadily up until they take their places in the family of finished railways, will wonder what new line this is that is astonishing the quiet glades of Yorkshire. Let us explain. A year or two back, a railway was made from Darlington to Barnard Castle, as an adjunct to the Stockton and Darlington railway; and after this had come into successful operation, a continuation of it

was projected to go from Barnard Castle through Westmoreland, to join a branch of the Lancashire and Carlisle Railway. It was called the South Durham and Lancashire Union Railway, and will really become a great highway across the island, connecting the North Sea with St. George's Channel. In the course of this line, many important engineering difficulties present themselves, and none more so than the large ravines caused by the action of the mountain torrents. One of these is the Valley of the Deepdale, of which we subjoin a view, showing the progress of the viaduct now in course of erection

by Messrs. Gillies, Wilson and Co., of Middlesbro'-on-Tees. The general character of the structure is similar to the beautiful one erected by Mr. J. Kinnaird, at Crumlin; but in its details it is very different. The piers consist of a series of hollow columns, twelve feet in diameter, in lengths of fifteen feet, joined together by flanges, and faced up. Each pier is formed of six of these columns, placed in the form of a tapering parallelogram, at the base fifty feet by sixteen feet, and at the top twenty-five feet by sixteen feet, and these columns are



CONSTRUCTION OF THE RAILWAY VIADUCT AT DEEPALE, YORKSHIRE.—(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

in their places and steadied by a framework of girders at every fifteen feet. Again, diagonal tie-bars of wrought-iron are fixed from girder to girder—both vertically and horizontally—so that the whole compound pier becomes a net-work of cast and wrought iron, and is as firm and compact as if it consisted of one piece.

These piers, of which there are ten in the viaduct, of course vary in height according to the position they take in crossing the valley. The highest pier is 175 feet from the ground to the top. Over all these piers, which are erected at distances of sixty-six feet, centre and centre,

are thrown wrought-iron girders of lattice work. They are about 6½ feet deep, and three girders form the whole superstructure. These are crossed by large Memel timbers, which are again crossed by planks and longitudinal beams, on which the permanent rails are fixed. The whole is surmounted by an elegant railing. For lightness, combined with strength, we believe this structure excels anything that has ever been erected. The engineer and designer is Mr. Thomas Bouch, C.E., of Edinburgh, who is also the engineer of the line. The work is being executed by Messrs. Gillies, Wilson and Co., and owing to their having had

machines expressly designed or fitting up the various parts of the piers, they form a specimen of workmanship rarely equalled. They are erecting them in rather a novel manner, having made a crane of sufficient length of jib to drop every piece of one pier down from the top into its place, the crane itself standing on the pier last erected. The pier being built, they launch the wrought-iron superstructure over, complete the platform, and again placing the crane—which is on wheels—to the extreme verge, commence with the next pier, thus literally eating their way across the valley.

"THE MOON IS UP AND YET IT IS NOT SIGHTED."—(FROM A PICTURE BY H. MOORE, IN THE FOUNTAIN, ALBANY.)



LANDSCAPE BY MOORE.

THE French are fond of saying that our sculptors are only successful with busts, our engravers with vignettes, and our artists with water-colours. Neither of these assertions is true. England can certainly boast of the best water-colour painters in Europe, but our true pre-eminence in pictorial art lies in the department of landscape, to which our young painters, above all, pay great and profitable attention. At the Portland Gallery, several landscapes of remarkable merit are exhibited, and among these, one of the most worthy of notice is the charming picture by Mr. Moore, of which we this day give an engraving. To describe it, when the reader has a transcript of it before his eyes, would be superfluous. Besides, solitude, the ocean, and the setting sun, tell a different tale to every one who contemplates them. The only thing of which we are certain in connection with Mr. Moore's picture is, that no one can see it without feeling interested in it; and that it is very beautiful because thoroughly natural.

THE CHURCH DISPUTES AT KNIGHTSBRIDGE.

On Tuesday, at the meeting to elect a churchwarden for the coming year, there was a stormy scene. Mr. Liddell, the incumbent, took the chair, only to vacate it by way of protest against "the cruel and unjust treatment of Mr. Poole." Mr. Westerton took his place, and there were some strong speeches, with strong accents. The Rev. Colonel Vereker, in fulfilling what he called "a pleasant duty," said that Mr. Gurch had, a few Sundays ago, as was well known, preached a sermon full of indecent comments on a text which gave an opening for it, so as to provoke several persons to leave the church, and a remonstrance from "ten gentlemen" who had got the sermon submitted to the Bishop. Mr. Westerton then told a pretty story:—"One day he saw the Rev. Mr. Brothers, one of the curate of the parish, advance towards the front gates of the church in Wilton Place, and let himself in. Shortly afterwards he saw a shrewdly-dressed young woman in Wilton Place looking up and down, and she went over to the church-gates and let herself in, and he (Mr. Westerton) followed. At the door of the vestry-room he heard the lock turning, and pressed the door open. Mr. Brothers had the lock in his hand, and the young woman was seated in a chair. He said:—"What are you doing here?" and turning to the young woman, he asked her whether she had come to confess. She was about to answer "Yes," when Mr. Brothers told her not to answer. He took from her hand a book, which he found to be entitled "A Seal from the Lord," edited by the Right Rev. A. P. Forbes, D.D., Bishop of Exeter. Knowing the Romanising tendencies of the Bishop of Exeter, he said:—"This is a pretty book to give to a young woman," when Mr. Brothers shouted out, "Don't talk blasphemy here." The young woman timidly said, "I had better retire," when Mr. Brothers said, "Don't mind him, he is only a churchwarden." He ascertained that the young woman was a servant in a square in the parish of Paddington; and when he told Mr. Brothers that he should represent his conduct to the Bishop, Mr. Brothers said that he had the young woman there for confirmation, but she confessed she had been over for a fortnight, and there would not be another for a year. Mr. Westerton believed he should do better in attacking the "Prætorians" from "an independent position," and Mr. Hall, lastly, was elected parishioners' churchwarden for the ensuing year.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE operatic season has now begun in earnest. Mr. Smith's "Opera for the Million" opened on Monday; and on Tuesday the Royal Italian opera opened with Rossini's "Gazza Ladra," which was performed in a style worthy of the magnificent establishment directed by Mr. Gye. The cast, though not equal to that of former times when Grisi, Brambilla, Tamburini, Lablache, and Rubini sustained the principal parts, was on the whole highly satisfactory. Madame Lotti was Ninetta; Madame Nautier-Duclé, Pippo; Ronconi, the Podesta; Debassini, Fernando; and Gardoni, Gianetto; while remarkable completeness was given to the performance by the allotment of the comparatively insignificant characters of Fabrizio and Giorgio to Tagliacozzo and Polonini. The overture was played to perfection, and loudly encored. Recent composers have adopted the convenient plan of precluding their operas with simple "introductions," and it now seldom happens that the band of the Royal Italian Opera has a fair chance of distinguishing itself. For this reason, if for no other, we should regret the neglect into which the incomparable works of Rossini have lately fallen. There was some meaning in producing Verdi's musical melodramas (as he himself, regardless of tautology, calls several of them) when those compositions were new; but, at the present moment, the "Trovatore" and the "Traviata" are old and threadbare, and the novelty is once more on the side of the great master who wrote the "Barber of Seville" and "William Tell," and who has distinguished himself in every style except the noisy and unmelodious. Our ideas on this subject are also those of the public who filled the theatre on the occasion of the "Gazza Ladra" being produced, and gave numerous proofs in the course of the evening of their high appreciation of the beautiful music in which that opera abounds. Madame Lotti, in excellent voice, and sang the celebrated "Dipace" better than could have been expected on the part of a vocalist who is not usually heard to advantage in florid music. Madame Duclé as Pippo was all that could be desired; and Ronconi was of course exceedingly humorous in the part of the Podesta.

Those who may have entertained fears for the success of Mr. Smith's operatic speculation on the ground that the prices of admission were inordinately low, need be under no apprehension on that score. "Notwithstanding the vast outlay that is involved in engagements and arrangements," says Mr. Smith in his programme, "the lessee and director is so thoroughly convinced that he will be liberally and heartily supported by the public in his endeavour to make a first-class Italian opera accessible to all, that he has determined that the old royal play-house prices shall be restored." Accordingly, the price of admission to the dress circle is seven shillings, to the pit three and sixpence, and to the galleries two shillings and one shilling. It must be remembered, however, that some years since, when tickets for the dress circle at Drury Lane Theatre were sold at seven shillings, the dress circle was the best—that is to say, the most fashionable—part of the house, which, since the introduction of stalls at ten and sixpence, it has ceased to be. Moreover, in the flourishing days of the patent theatres, the three and sixpenny pit was a pit, and not a mere apology for one, which is the case at our operatic Drury Lane. In spite of the alleged accessibility of Mr. Smith's establishment to all classes, the class which has been in the habit of going to the pit at her Majesty's Theatre, or at Covent Garden, will find it neither more nor less accessible than the old operas with which the idea of cheapness was never in any way associated. Persons who frequent the pit of the Royal Italian Opera, would at Drury Lane go to the dress circle, or perhaps put themselves to a little extra expense and take their places in the stalls. The price of the latter is exceedingly moderate, being only half the sum usually charged at Italian operas in London; and we must not forget that Mr. Smith has provided a two shilling, and even a one shilling gallery, for the humbler portion of his patrons. But we repeat, that to the habit of the regular operatic pit, the new lyrical theatre offers no advantage in a pecuniary point of view. We must add, that although the Drury Lane company includes several singers of the highest merit, and who, but for Mr. Smith's enterprise, would probably not have been heard in London for years to come, neither the band nor the choruses are such as would justify us in speaking of the establishment generally as one of the first class. Let us now say a few words about the new singers who have already appeared at the Drury Lane opera. On the opening night, the "Sonambula" was given with Miss Balfe as Amina, Signor Mongini as Eltino, and Signor Radiali as Count Rodolfo. Miss Balfe has decidedly improved since her appearance at the Royal Italian Opera. She has gained confidence, her voice is clearer and more open (it was somewhat "veiled" a couple of years since), and she sings now with remarkable fluency and ease. The young vocalist was fully appreciated by the audience, who applauded the caratina enthusiastically, and recalled Amina at the conclusion of each act. Her "Non giunge," was an excellent specimen of brilliant vocalisation—something over-ornamented, no doubt, though the ornaments, in themselves, were in excellent taste. As an actress, Miss Balfe has something to learn, and more to unlearn. She has acquired a habit of moving incessantly about the stage, and of neglecting friends, enemies, and lovers,

for the sake of the audience, to whose slightest manifestation of applause, she responds with a profusion of bows and curtsies, worthy of Mlle. Piccolomini herself. Perhaps, however, a great deal of this restlessness may be accounted for by the nervousness incident to a first appearance.

Signor Radiali fully sustained his reputation. He is a meritorious artist, and has still a fine voice, but Count Rodolfo is by no means his best part.

Mongini, who during the last two years had been spoken of in musical circles as the "coming tenor," is really a great singer. We heard him under the most terrible disadvantages (he had a sore throat, which deprived him of half his voice), but it was impossible to mistake his talent, which is of a very high order. He sings earnestly, passionately, and with true dramatic feeling. Every now and then—as in the duet with Amina, for instance—Mongini delivered a few phrases to perfection, vocally as well as histrionically; but speaking of his performance as a whole, he sang most unequally—in fact, as Rosati or Tagliani might be expected to dance with a sprained ankle. The new tenor, indisposition and pleasantness apart, is of the "robust" order. He may be somewhat wanting in style, but he is full of dramatic energy. We do not imagine that he will ever be able to sing such a part as Almaviva as well as Mario, but we should not be surprised if he were to rival Duprez in the Arnold of "William Tell."

On Tuesday, Mlle. Guarducci made her first appearance in "La Favorita." She possesses a mezzo-soprano voice of great beauty—full, rich, and thoroughly melodious; she sets, too, with great intelligence, though she has not yet lost the fault which belongs to so many young artists—that of acting too much. She enjoys the truly Italian quality of singing with thorough ease and invariable accuracy; and, in short, is one of the most richly-endowed vocalists who has appeared for years. Signor Giuglini, languid by nature, is intended to sing languishingly. He has a charming voice, and renders some airs to perfection; but we do not like him in his new character of a "dramatic" vocalist. He acts, not with passion, but with violence, and in one or two places instead of singing shouts. Signor Giuglini enjoys that rare gift among the tenors of the present day—an admirable voice. We trust he will not spoil it by attempting effects which it is not at all necessary, even if it were possible, for him to produce. The new baritone and the new bass were both highly successful.

The last of the Monday Popular Concerts was devoted exclusively to the works of English composers. The entertainment commenced with a very fine quintet for pianoforte, violin, viola, violoncello, and double bass, by G. A. Macfarren, admirably rendered by MM. Hallé, Wieniawski, Schreurs, Piatti, and Howell. A quaint, original, and very melodious sonata for the piano, by G. F. Pinto, was played by Mr. Charles Hallé; MM. Wieniawski, Ries, Schreurs, and Piatti, performed Edward Loder's quartet for two violins, viola, and violoncello. Miss Palmer was enthusiastically encored in Mr. J. W. Davidson's charming song, "Swift Alar and Summer Flight." Mr. Sims Reeves had to repeat Macfarren's "Ah, Non Lasciarmi," and Barnett's "It was a Young Knight Troubadour." Macfarren's pretty duet, "Two Merry Gipsies," sung by Miss Jeffries and Miss Palmer, was much applauded. The rest of the concert, which was highly successful, consisted of compositions by Howard Glover, Henry Smart, Halle, and Bishop. On Monday next a Mozart Night is to be given "by general desire."

TWO WRETCHED BROTHERS, employed in Chatham Dockyard, had a fight last Saturday for five shillings, and one was killed by dislocation of the neck. The other is committed for manslaughter.

RAILWAY TRAINS ON FIRE.—These accidents are becoming painfully numerous. As the train which left London at 10 a.m. on Friday week approached Warrington, the persons standing on the platform discovered flames rising up from the last carriage. By throwing up their arms and gestulating violently, the porters succeeded in attracting the attention of the engine-driver. The speed was suddenly slackened, and the burning carriages run under the waterspout which supplies the engines, the terrified inmates of the carriages escaping from their peril. On the previous day, as a Parliamentary train was between Atherstone and Nuneaton, the passengers in one of the third-class carriages were alarmed by signs of fire in the roof. The attention of the guard (whose van was immediately following the carriage) was fortunately arrested, and the train stopped. The luggage at the top of the carriage had become ignited, most probably by a spark or rinder from the engine. Before the burning luggage could be thrown off, the carriage was in flames.

COAL.—The quantity of coal dug in 1837 amounted to 125 millions of tons. The lands from which the coal is procured may be estimated at 8,000 square miles, and the mean depth of the beds of coal at about thirty-one feet. The mass of coal known to exist, would form a cube of ten miles. If we compare this enormous bulk of coal with the quantity annually consumed, we may confidently affirm that there is enough to last for 36,000 years. The calculation of thirty-one feet for the mean depth of the beds is perhaps too low, for the coal-fields of Liège extend to fifty-five feet, those of Staffordshire to 131 feet, and those of Ruhr to 131 feet. The coal dug in 1837 amounted in value to 37½ millions of pounds sterling, a sum far beyond that realised by the digging of the precious metals. The coal-fields of Great Britain yield sixty-three millions of tons of coal per year. The export of coal from England in 1838 reached 6,678,000 tons. It is estimated that she alone could furnish enough coal for the consumption of the whole of Europe for the space of 4,000 years.

LABOURERS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.—The "Gazette" of last night contains a notice from the Foreign Office, reiterating an intimation given on the 11th of July, 1850, warning all persons who accept engagements for employment in foreign countries, as railway labourers, miners, engineers, stokers, and firemen, or in any other capacity, that they are not considered by government to be entitled to relief as distressed British subjects, or to be sent back to England at the public expense; and such persons are warned that her Majesty's Consuls abroad have received orders not to afford relief in such cases.

THE GUNS CAPTURED AT ALMA.—So great a dispute has raged in the newspapers as to who captured the gun at Alma, that the authorities have thought it worth while to set the question at rest. Like the chameleon's colour, this shows each party to have been right and each wrong. It appears that, contrary to general belief on the subject, the two guns taken at the Alma were both captured by the English—one by Captain Bell, of the 23rd Fusiliers, which was immediately hurried to the rear, and one which was taken by the Guards, and left in the battery till the following day. It was the confusion consequent on the belief that this latter was the only gun taken which has led to the conflicting statements as to its having been wheeled down to the river or left in the redoubt. The fact of both guns being taken on the same spot, and within five minutes of each other, only served to make the confusion which arose out of the two events being regarded as one still worse.

THE GREAT WESTMINSTER CLOCK.—If it were not that we have so often been told so, and have so often been disappointed, we should really believe that there was some prospect of seeing the great clock at Westminster positively going before any very distant date. The ground that we have for this belief is that the works of the clock, or at any rate some of them, have been taken to Westminster, where Mr. Dent's workmen are beginning to put them together. Among the minor difficulties which are still looming in the future, is that of winding up the monstrous piece of machinery. To wind it by hand labour is almost out of the question. It will require winding once in three days, and takes 11,500 revolutions of the handle to wind it completely. Supposing two men to be able at such labour to work continuously, and make 800 revolutions of the handle per hour, it would require 14 hours of such exertion every third day. Of course, Mr. Denton will devise some contrivance which will obviate this difficulty, and he can scarcely find a better one than has already been worked out by Mr. James and the indefatigable clerk of the works at the New Houses, Mr. Quinn. By the plan of these gentlemen the clock is made self-winding. When the weights have descended a certain length, they open a valve communicating with a column of water from the top of the tower. This water is led into a cylinder with a piston of six feet stroke, which by the weight of the water is forced up by the clock-weights to its full height. As often as the clock strikes, this hydraulic winder acts with the expenditure of a very small quantity of water. Of course, when the piston is out to its full stroke, the valve communicating with the column of water is shut off, and the piston descends until the weights again reach the level at which they require winding. The number of gas jets which illuminate each dial has been reduced to 38, making 152 burners for all. These, as we have before stated, are so connected with the mechanism of the clock as to be gradually burnt down with the approach of dawn each morning and burnt in full again as the sun sinks. All the additional supports which were required for the bell framework have been adjusted, and the frame of Big Ben and his satellites is now as rigid as the tower itself.

LAW AND CRIME.

It may be remembered that upon two occasions within an interval of a few days, a man named John Wynn, a native of Glamorgan, had been offered for the discovery of the perpetrator. Even this discovery failed to awaken the perpetrators of the abominable crime. Mr. Wynn, well known the whole of the district in Albany Street and neighbourhood, places in Marylebone are nightly covered with fresh inscriptions, evidently, like those found in Marylebone Church, the work of a malignant ultra-Puritan. On Saturday last, a man was brought up to the Marylebone Police-court, charged with destroying two equestrian statues of her Majesty and Prince Albert, before well known as ornamenting the Regent's Park entrance of the Crystal Palace. The perpetrator had seen of the Prince's nose and chin, smashed the head of the Queen. As at the church, the statues had been scrawled over by the off-end. The prisoner had been near the Colosseum about nine o'clock on the evening of the outrage, a fact which proved nothing. But the evidence of a constable arrested him is worthy of notice, as exhibiting police intelligence. He asked the prisoner, "said he, 'whether he had any chalk about him?'" "What made you ask him that?" inquired the Magistrate. "He had been in the habit of chalking upon walls." Another officer, who had taken the prisoner into custody, found upon him several pieces of chalk. When proceeding to the station the prisoner said to the officer, "I have written upon walls, and done so for the last twelve years." On the way prisoner pointed out several inscriptions of a religious character upon walls, and said, "That's my writing." Some letters found upon him closely resembled, in the character of the handwriting, that scrawled upon the pedestals of the statues. The magistrate told the prisoner, that if he had really done the damage he was liable to severe punishment, whereupon the man not unnaturally denied it. "The Government," said he, "have plenty of my writing in black and white, and I hope they will hear of what has taken place to-day." One would have thought the facts disclosed would have justified a remand for the purpose of inquiry into the prisoner's state of mind, but he was not charged, the police being, however, recommended to keep a close watch upon him.

Numerous robberies have lately been committed upon ladies in the streets, by a man known as the "inquiry dodge." A thief, generally attended by a confederate, accosts a lady, and inquires in the direction of some neighbouring locality. Pretending to be sighted, he approaches her side, and as she raises her arm to direct him, either picks her pocket or steals her watch by rapidly twisting it out from the holder, which feat is termed among thieves "scooping, crawling," from some fanciful resemblance between the shape of a watch and a soup plate. In cautioning ladies against this trick, there is not much danger of rendering them unnecessarily suspicious when asked to direct a stranger. Such requests are almost invariably preferred with the most honest purpose, as no bewildered pedestrian would think of asking a female, if there were a male inhabitant or passenger within reach.

The Lord Mayor is not, it appears, quickly to hear the last of Miss Ann Donovan, illegally committed to jail for a fortnight for trying to sell coals. The "horrible shadow" of that miserable victim is still doomed to haunt him at his breakfast-table from the columns of the daily journal; applications, donations, and correspondence still harass him in the plenitude of the power and pride of mayoralty. On Saturday last, a barrister presented himself to offer a public contradiction to the remarks which the Lord Mayor's information had induced him to make publicly against the poor girl's character in her absence. The barrister had proceeded so far as to state his object, and to request the reception of the evidence of several most respectable persons, one of them formerly a sheriff of the City, in vindication of the girl's moral character, when he was interrupted by his Lordship, who peremptorily refused to hear any application in public, unless previously made in private. This new rule for the administration of justice is, perhaps, more sentences in sound than justifiable by reason, although his Lordship, charmed with his own invention thereof, persisted in its application. The barrister in vain pointed out that the aspersions upon the girl's character had been made voluntarily, and in public, by his Lordship himself, and was ultimately obliged to be satisfied by allowing the police reporter to be given to understand the result of the interview. It seems to be now established that the Lord Mayor was quite in error in stating that the girl resided in a certain infamous neighbourhood, where, it seems, she never lived in her life. The girl's refusal to enter an institution for the reformation of abandoned females is sufficiently accounted for by the fact, that her consent would have been an admission of the charges against her. Nevertheless, it is said that the sums forwarded by the public to the Lord Mayor for the girl's benefit have been handed by him to a reverend gentleman, who refuses to apply them to the purpose intended. All that the Lord Mayor, therefore, has gained by his denial of publicity has been to prevent the public from learning what he has now to say in his own exculpation; but perhaps, under the circumstances, the loss thus occasioned to the public may not be great.

The closing scene of a painful tragedy of modern life was a few days since illustrated at Bow Street. Some six months ago, a young man, described as of position and education, was convicted of stealing a bracelet from a jeweller's shop. The prisoner appeared to be utterly a cast-away, discredited by all his friends and relatives, associating only with the worst of characters. He was committed for twelve months to the House of Correction in Coldbath Fields. During his incarceration a girl, with whom he had for some time previously been intimate, was on one or two occasions permitted to see him, but on her last call was informed that he was dead. She requested that his body might be given to her for decent interment, and this demand appears to have been complied with in a spirit of true official barbarity: the corpse was delivered in a complete state of nudity. The poor girl, with a touching tenderness, went out to purchase a shirt, and a bouquet of flowers to strew over the body. A medical gentleman living in the house next to the undertaker's where the body lay, called to see it, and alleges that he found thereon the mark of a blister, fourteen inches long and nine wide. He declares that in all his experience he never knew such a case; that it would have been a fearful thing to apply such a blister to a person in health, but upon a man in a weakly state, living upon light food, it was, as he mildly characterised it, "an injudicious proceeding." As an inquiry is to be made into the circumstances, an opportunity will be afforded for some explanation. But what a miserable end, however "explained," for a young man with health, family, position, and the world before him, to attain by sheer misconduct! It reminds one of the terrible catastrophe of a Hogarthian story.

POLICE.

OUTRAGE IN BROAD STREET.—Stanley Charles Selwell, and William Samuel Selwell, remained from last week, and James Wynne, apprehended subsequently, were charged with having committed a murderous assault on Mr. Dean, picture dealer, of Essex Street, Strand, and stolen a cash-box containing £15s. 6d.

Mr. Dean was carried into the court in a chair, being in so infirm a state that he could not, without assistance, stand up, or even alter his position in the chair. He trembled violently, and appeared so extremely feeble and helpless as to excite the commiseration of the spectators. He, however, gave his evidence in a clear, firm tone of voice, and seemed to understand perfectly well all that took place around him.

Mr. Dean stated that Stanley was his errand-boy, but having been discharged by him, introduced Wynne as his successor. After telling Wynne that he would not suit, he (Mr. Dean) said that he might call again the next day if he liked. At that moment Stanley rushed to the cupboard, forced it open, and took out the cash-box, and made off with it. At the same moment Wynne struck him a violent blow with some instrument. He saw the instrument in Wynne's hand—it was something black. Wynne struck him a second time in the face—but not with the instrument—which he had dropped over and behind witness's head. The next thing he recollected was finding himself on the floor in the shop, some distance from the

To be had from the Secretary, J. REEF, Copperas Hill, Liverpool.
Houlston and Waight, London.

1 DAY, APRIL 30, 1900.

